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NO. 27

CRACK COMICS

JANUARY



MEET

CAPTAIN!

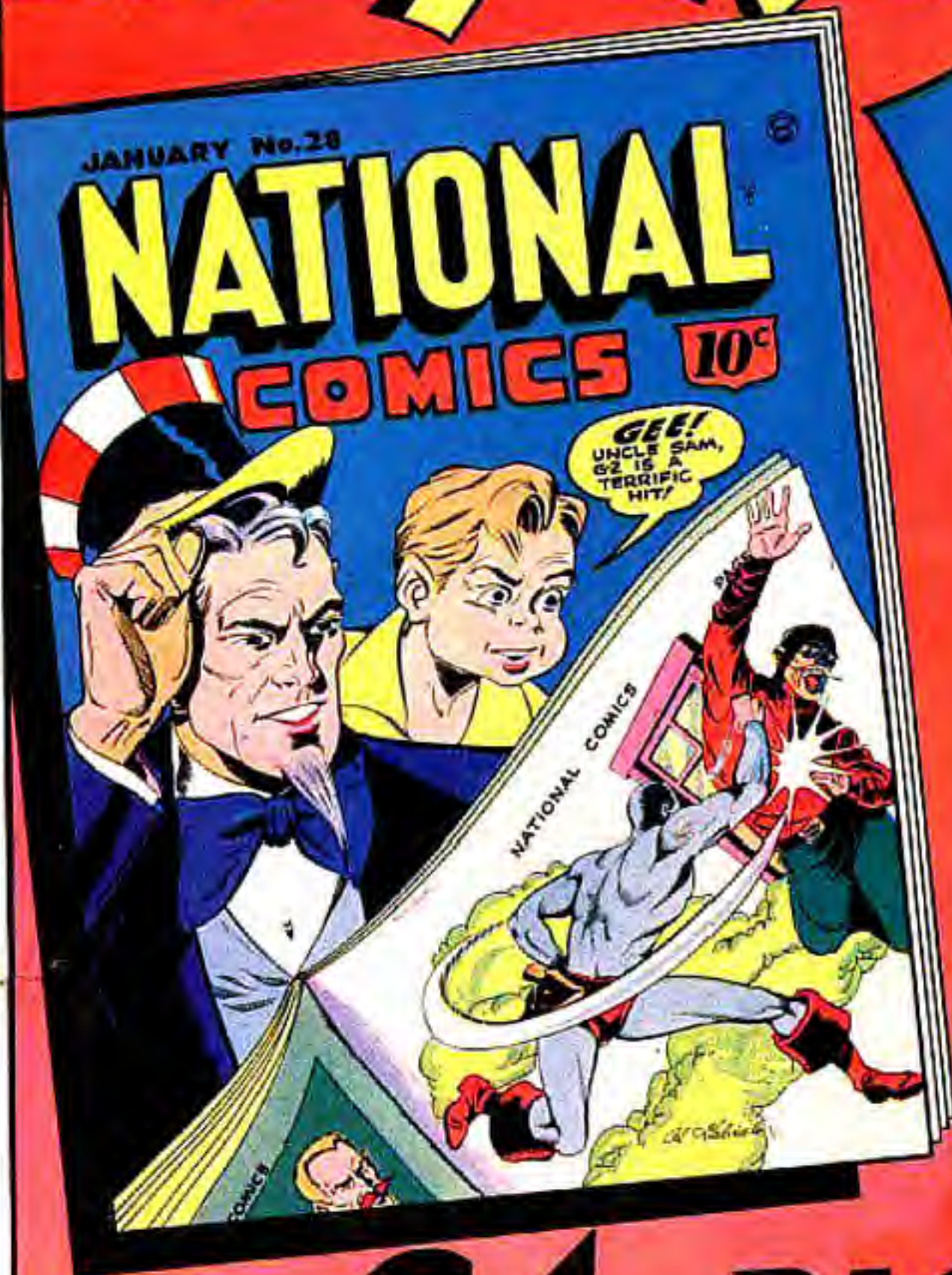
TRIUMPH



CITY BARBECUE
Lenoir, North Carolina

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

HEY KIDS!



LOOK

64^{of} PAGES

THRILLING, EXCITING ADVENTURE

RUSH TO YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND, WITHOUT FAIL!



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IN THE YEAR 1919 THERE WAS BORN TO A MIDDLE CLASS FAMILY IN NEW YORK CITY TWO SONS... LANCE AND MICHAEL GALLANT. SO IDENTICAL WERE THEY - EVEN TO BIRTHMARKS ON THEIR LEFT WRISTS - THAT THEIR OWN MOTHER COULD NEVER TELL THEM APART..

THEY GREW FROM BOYHOOD TO MANHOOD - THE WORLD BECAME THEIR PLAYGROUND, DANGER THEIR BUSINESS. MICHAEL JOINED THE U.S. AIR CORPS AND LANCE CRAUSED WITH HIS OWN WEAPONS - THE WORD AND PEN...

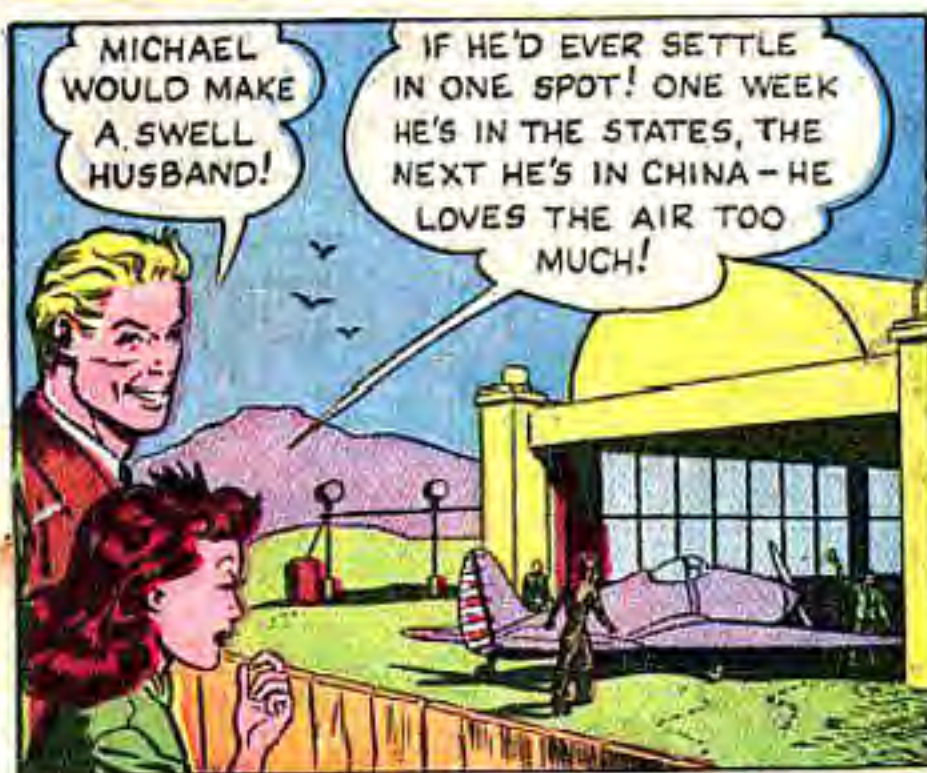
AND AS THEY GREW, THE BONDS OF LOVE AND COMPANIONSHIP THAT EXISTED BETWEEN THEM BECAME STRONGER THAN ANY BOND OF STEEL OR CABLE OF STRENGTH THAT MAN COULD MANUFACTURE. SO CLOSE WERE THEY, THAT IN THEIR WORK, THEIR PLAY, AND THE EXCITING ADVENTURES THAT FILLED THEIR LIVES, THEIR BODIES RESPONDED TO BUT ONE MIND.



... THEN, ONE DAY IN EARLY FALL, A STRANGE AND FANTASTIC THING HAPPENED THAT MADE THESE TWO MEN ONE..!

CAPTAIN TRIUMPH

OUTSIDE THE GATES OF THE ACME AIRCRAFT CORPORATION, LANCE GALLANT AND KIM MEREDITH WATCH A NEW ARMY PURSUIT PLANE SWEEP ON THE FIELD...







THEN, SUDDENLY...





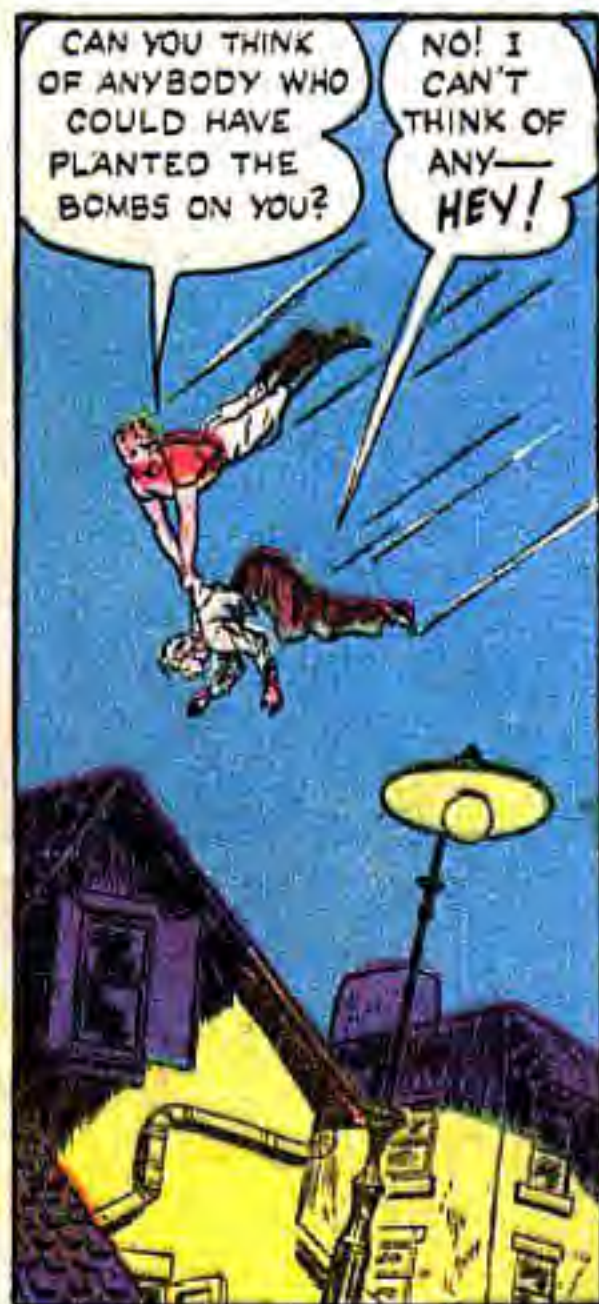


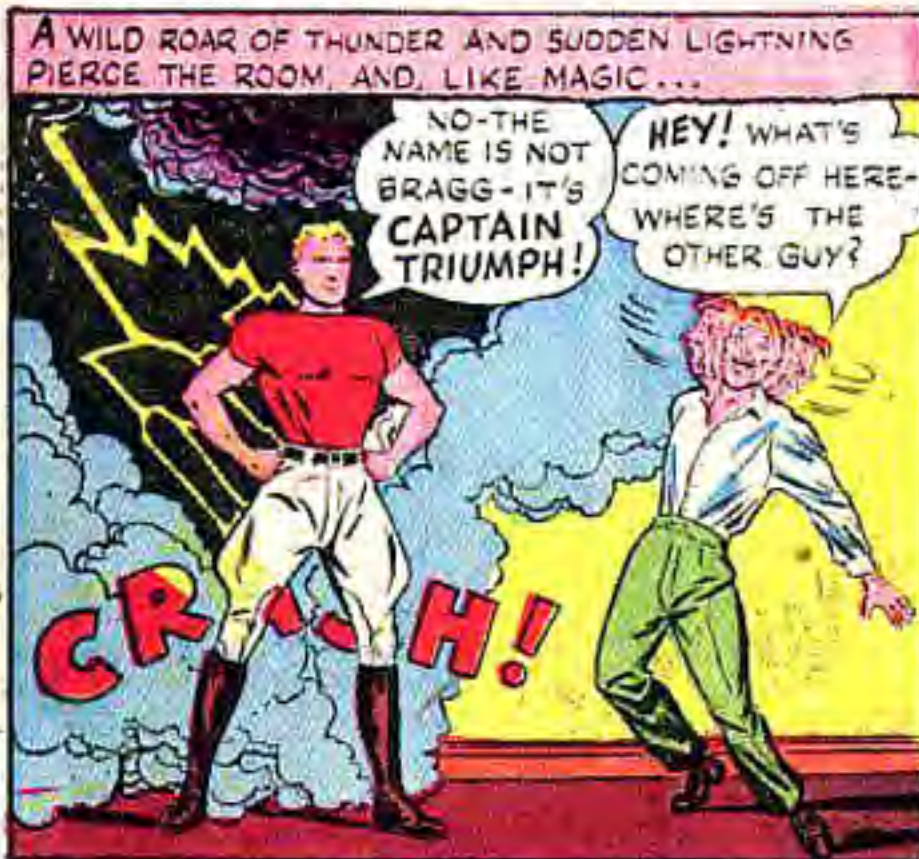
...AND WITH A ROAR OF THUNDER, WHERE LANCE AND MICHEL'S SPIRIT WERE, THERE NOW STOOD...

CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!













HERE GOES
NOTHING TO
YOUR BIG
FAT BELLY!





Spitfire

A.M. Williams



AT A U.S. ARMY AIR FIELD NEAR CHUNG-KING, CHINA, EX-A.V.G. PILOT, TEX ADAMS, RECEIVES ORDERS FROM HIS COMMANDER...



A GROUP OF CHINESE GUERRILLAS, OPERATING NEAR THE JAP HELD CITY OF HANKOW, NEED MEDICAL SUPPLIES... YOU COULD DROP THE STUFF BY 'CHUTE BUT THEY'LL HAVE VITAL INFORMATION WE NEED FOR OUR NEXT BOMBING RAID SO YOU'LL HAVE TO LAND THERE.

IN JAP HELD TERRITORY, EH!... HOW'LL I KNOW WHERE TO LAND, SIR?



YOU'LL ARRIVE AT A SMALL CLEARING TEN MILES ABOVE SHASI ON THE YANGTZE RIVER AT ELEVEN A.M. THE GUERILLAS WILL PLACE A CLOTH PANEL ON THE FIELD AT THAT PRECISE TIME

I'D BETTER GET OFF RIGHT AWAY, SIR!!



ALL SET TO GO, SARGEANT?

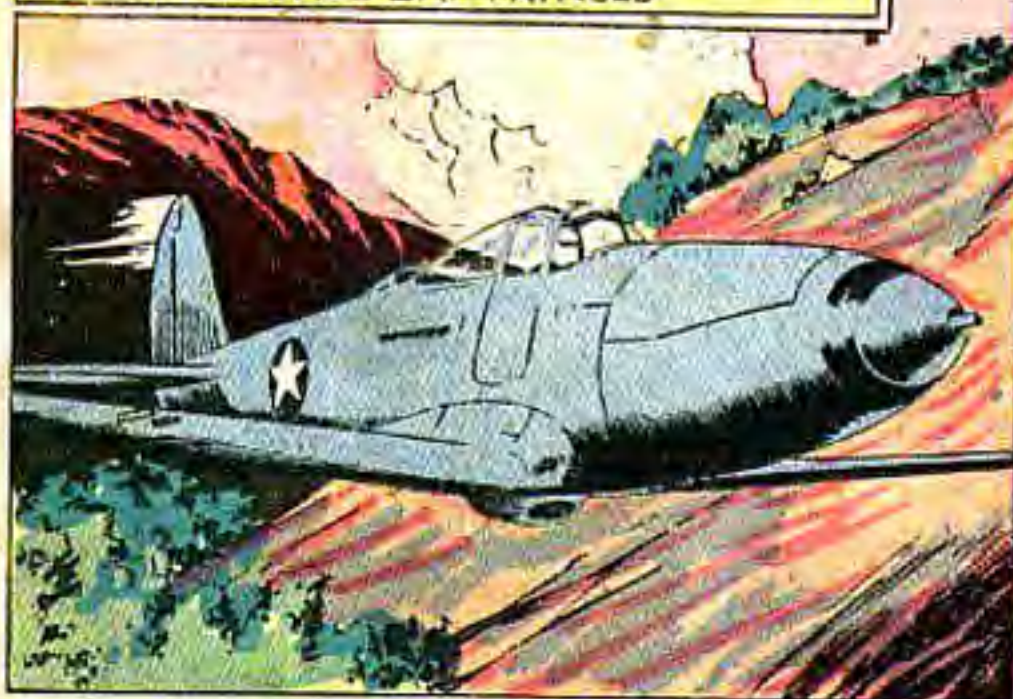
SHE'S OKAY, SIR



PUT THE COFFEE POT ON, SARGE... I'LL BE BACK IN A COUPLE OF HOURS



THE TRIM AIRACOBRA IS SOON CRUISING TOWARD ITS DESTINATION... FLYING LOW AMONG THE HILLS TO AVOID BEING SEEN BY ANY CHANCE JAP PATROLS



I HOPE THOSE GUERILLAS HAVE PICKED OUT A LARGE ENOUGH LANDING FIELD, IT'S QUITE MOUNTAINOUS HERE



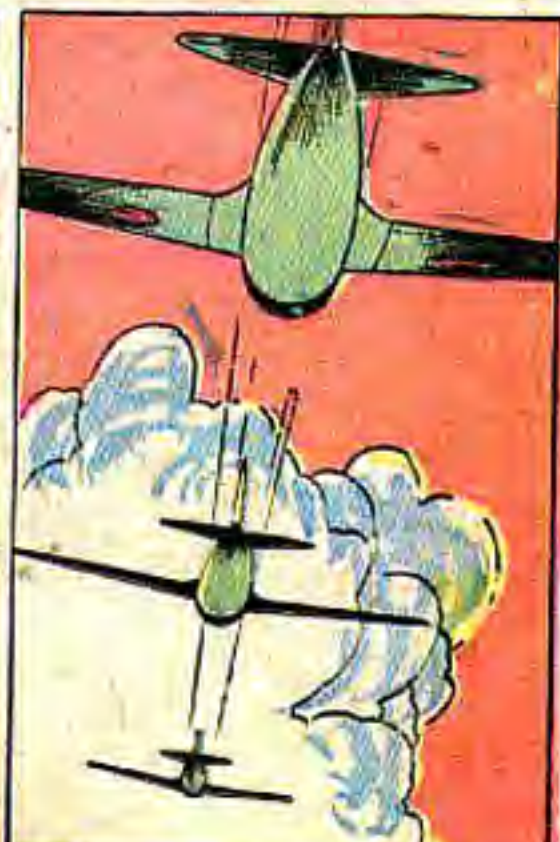
I SHOULD BE JUST ABOUT AT THE SPOT. IT'S ALMOST ELEVEN O-CLOCK



BUT, UNKNOWN TO TEX, THE SUN'S RAYS, REFLECTING OFF HIS COCKPIT COVER, HAS BEEN SEEN BY THREE JAP ZERO PILOTS FLYING HIGH ABOVE



AMERICAN PLANE DOWN IN CANYON-- SHOULD BE EASY VICTIM--!!



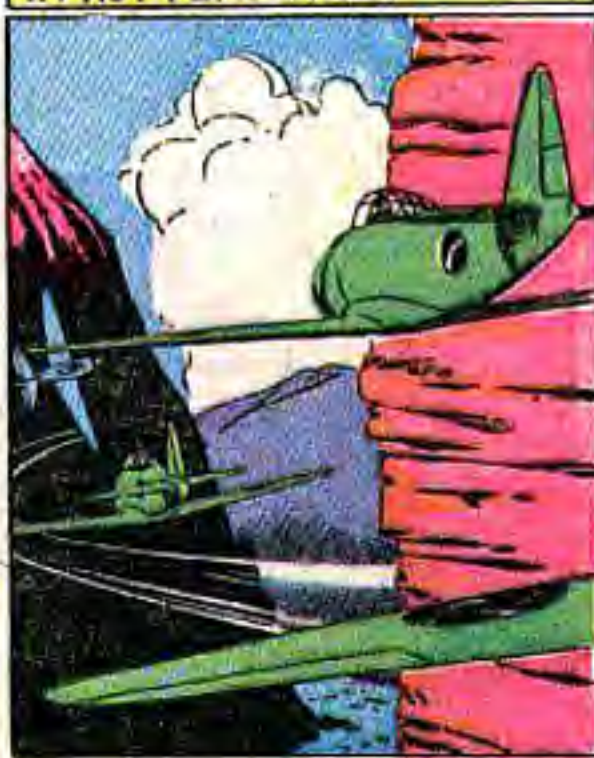
TEX'S FIRST WARNING OF TROUBLE IS A STREAM OF TRACERS PAST HIS WING-TIP----



I CAN'T LAND WHILE THEY'RE AROUND... I'LL HAVE TO OUT-RUN 'EM OR FIGHT----



THE FAST P-39 RACES DOWN THE CANYON WITH THE ZEROS IN HOT PURSUIT----



APPROACHING THE MOUTH OF THE CANYON, TEX SUDDENLY WHIPS HIS SHIP OVER IN A TIGHT, FAST LOOP----



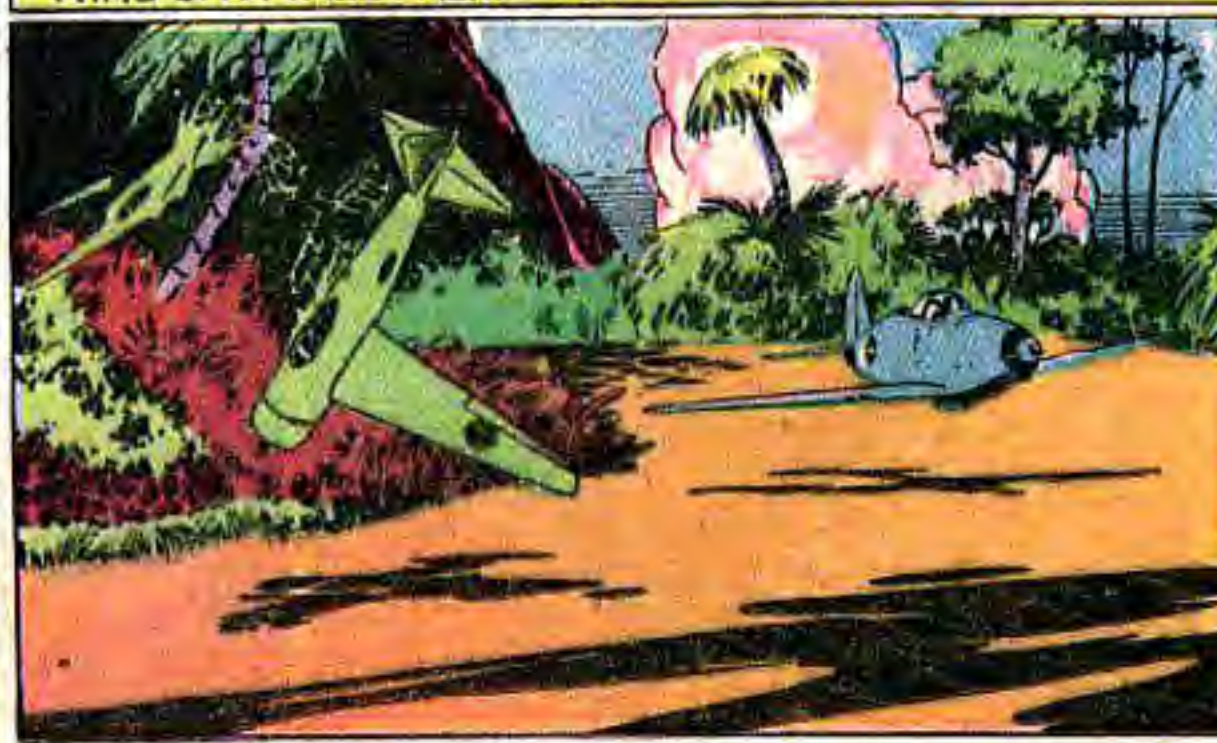
CAUGHT COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE, THE FIRST ZERO GOES ROARING PAST, AND TEX COMES DOWN ON THE TAIL OF THE SECOND ZERO !!



AND WITH THE THIRD ZERO BLASTING AWAY ON HIS TAIL, TEX GOES DOWN IN A SCREAMING POWER DIVE !!



THE P-39 PULLS OUT RIGHT OVER THE RIVER, BUT THE JAP DOESN'T PULL UP QUICK ENOUGH AND RIPS OFF A WING ON A TALL PALM----



GUESS THE REMAINING JAP HAS CLEARED OUT... NOW TO LOCATE THAT... OH, OH... THE ENGINE'S MISSING!!



GAS GAUGE READS EMPTY... THAT JAP MUST'VE HIT SOMETHING AFTER ALL...

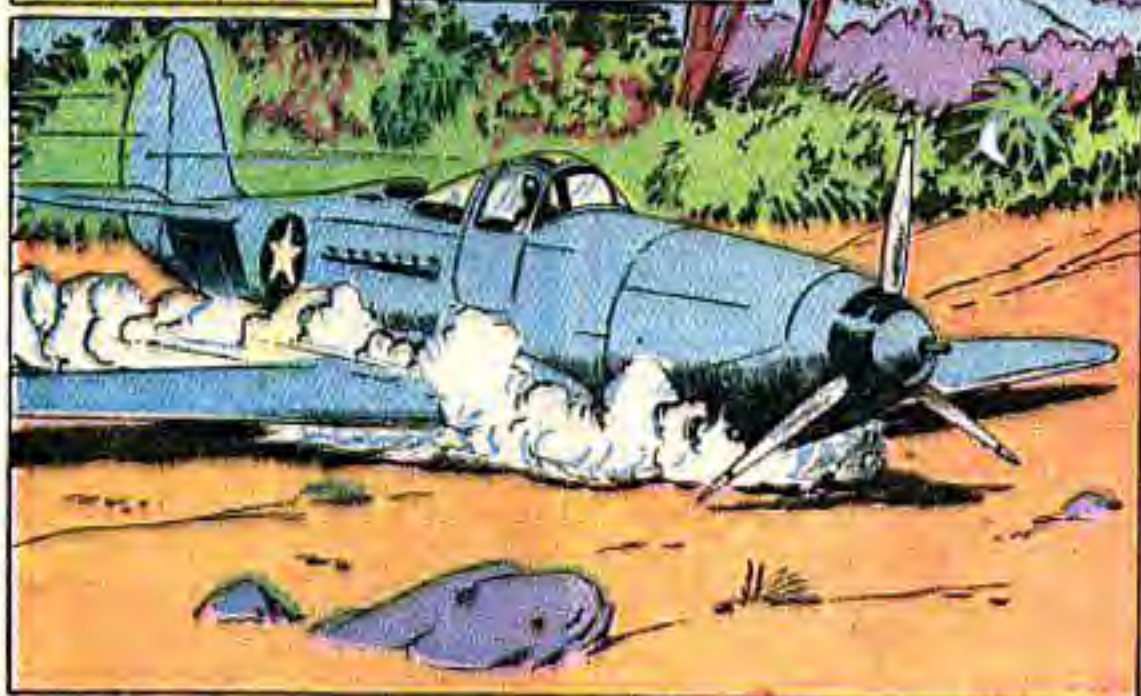


WITH VERY LITTLE ALTITUDE TO MANEUVER IN, TEX HEADS FOR A SANDY STRETCH BORDERING THE SMALL RIVER



THESE P-39'S HAVE THE GLIDING ANGLE OF A BRICK...!!

WHEELS UP THE AIRACOBRA SLIDES IN WITH A BELLY LANDING... A FEAT WHICH ONLY AN EXPERT PILOT COULD ACCOMPLISH...



WHEW-E-E!! THE PROP WASN'T EVEN SCRATCHED...!!



AFTER CAREFUL EXAMINATION TEX DISCOVERS THE CAUSE OF ALL HIS TROUBLES...

A JAP BULLET KNOCKED THE PETCOCK OFF THE GAS TANK, LETTING OUT ALL THE GAS... OF ALL THE ROTTEN LUCK...!!



NOW I NOT ONLY CAN'T FINISH MY ASSIGNMENT, BUT I'LL BE LUCKY IF I'M NOT CAPTURED...

PERHAPS THIS HUMBLE PERSON CAN BE OF HELP!



WHO...? WHERE...?

PERMIT ME... I AM TUNG TING, THE LEADER OF THE GUERILLAS YOU WERE TO MEET



WELL, MY FLIGHT WASN'T COMPLETELY IN VAIN AFTER ALL...YOUR MEDICAL SUPPLIES ARE IN THE PLANE, TUNG TING...



I AM HUMBLER, SIR, THAT I CANNOT GIVE YOU THE INFORMATION I HAD PROMISED

MY LIEUTENANT, CHING LU, WHO HAD THE INFORMATION, WAS KILLED BY THE ACCURSED JAPANESE BEFORE HE COULD DELIVER IT TO ME !!



DOESN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE -- MY PLANE IS OUT OF GAS SO I CAN'T RETURN ANYHOW

COULD YOU RETURN IF YOU HAD GASOLINE



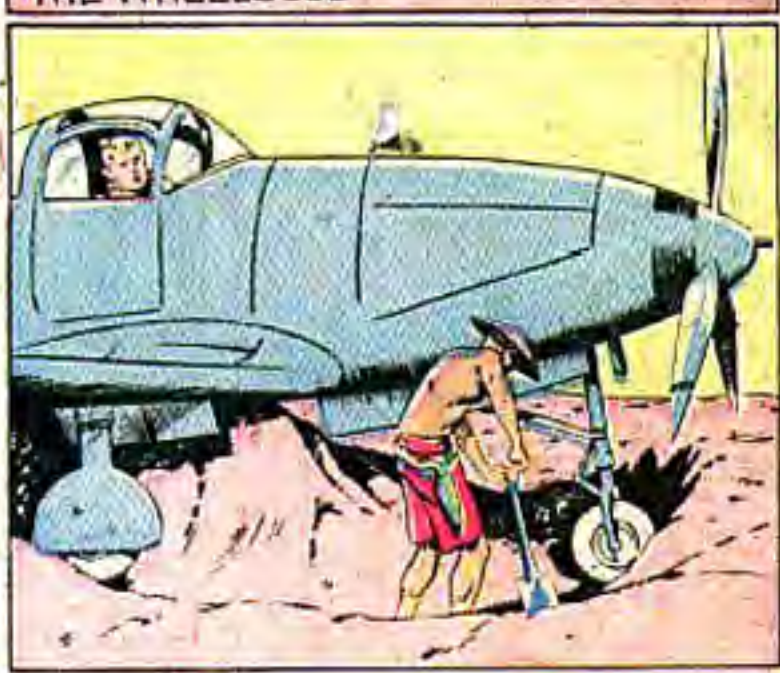
YES, THE PLANE IS OKAY, BUT HOW...?

IF YOU WILL DIRECT MY MEN, THEY WILL DO THE WORK...

其 其 其



A HORDE OF GUERILLAS EMERGE FROM THE WOODS, AND, UNDER TEX'S ORDERS, HOLES ARE QUICKLY DUG BENEATH THE PLANE, ENABLING TEX TO LOWER THE WHEELS --



...THEN THE PLANE IS PULLED OUT AND PLACED UNDER THE PROTECTIVE COVERING OF THE TREES



WE SHALL NOW BORROW SOME OF JAPAN'S AVIATION GASOLINE... COME, MR. ADAMS



WHERE CAN YOU GET IT?

THERE IS A JAP FLYING FIELD UP THE RIVER...WE OFTEN RAID THEIR SUPPLY TRUCKS ON THE ROAD TO THE FIELD!



TEX AND THE GUERILLAS TRAVEL FOR TWO HOURS, ENROUTE TO THE SUPPLY ROAD IN THE HILLS



THERE IS THE ROAD BELOW... THE TRUCK CONVOY SHOULD BE ALONG SOON... MY MEN HAVE ALREADY SET OUR LITTLE TRAP



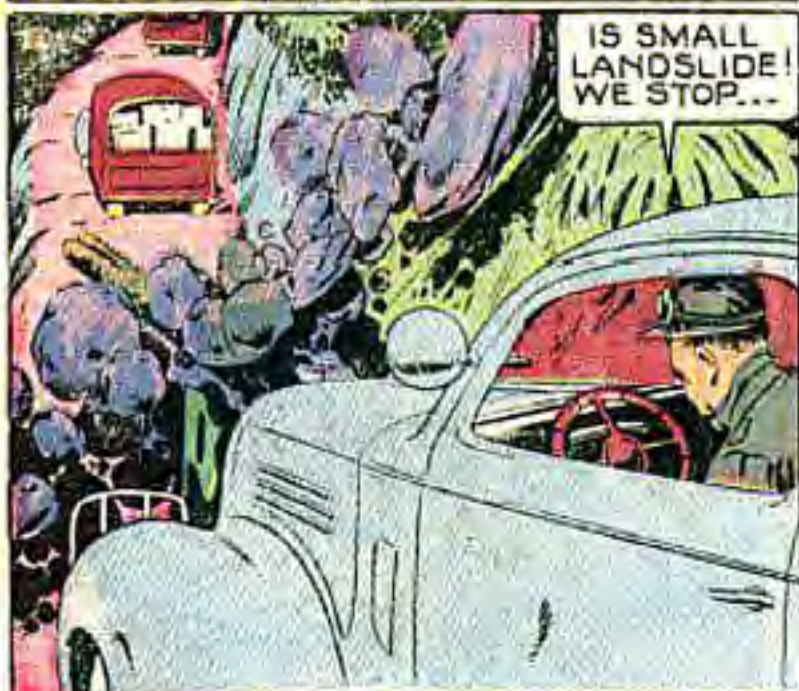
WHEN THE JAP TRUCKS APPROACH MY MEN WILL FLASH A SIGNAL FROM THAT DISTANT HILL...



AT THAT MOMENT THE SIGNAL IS FLASHED...!! THE SUNLIGHT REFLECTED FROM A DISTANT GUERRILLA'S POCKET MIRROR



A SHORT TIME LATER, AS THE JAP SUPPLY TRUCKS RUMBLE ALONG THE MOUNTAIN ROAD, THE GUERRILLAS SPRING THE FIRST PART OF THEIR TRAP...



IS SMALL LANDSLIDE! WE STOP...

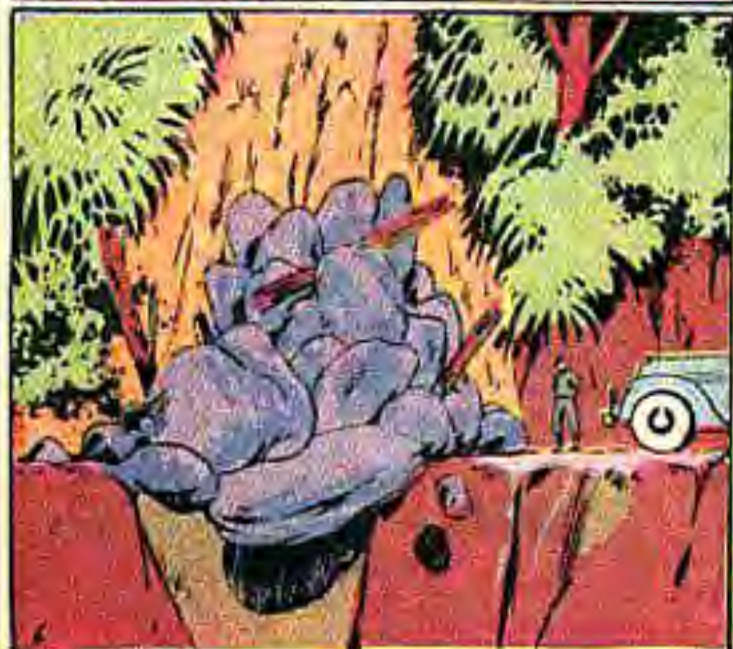
SLIDES OCCUR ALL TIME... WASTE MUCH TIME STOPPING TO CLEAR STONES AWAY...!!



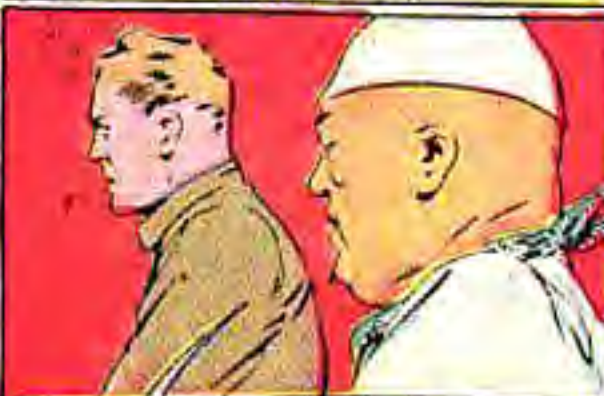
AFTER CLEARING AWAY THE GUERRILLA'S LANDSLIDE, THE JAPS ENDEAVOR TO CATCH UP WITH THE TRUCKS AHEAD...



TEN TRUCKS ARE ALLOWED TO PASS, THEN THE GUERRILLAS RELEASE THEIR SECOND LANDSLIDE AT THE SAME SPOT... THUS STOPPING THE REST OF THE TRUCK CONVOY BEHIND...



MEANWHILE, THE LAST TRUCK OF THE FIRST PART OF THE CONVOY PASSES THE PLACE WHERE TEX AND TUNG TING ARE HIDDEN... AND TEX SEES THE GUERRILLAS DO AN AMAZING THING...!!



WE HAVE ISOLATED TEN JAP TRUCKS... NOW WE'LL SHOW YOU HOW WE'LL LURE THEM OUT OF THEIR CONVOY WITHOUT THEIR EVEN REALIZING IT

BUSHES ARE PLACED ACROSS THE MAIN ROAD AND A SMALL ROAD IS REVEALED WENDING IT'S WAY UP A CANYON



THE CONVOY'S TIRE TRACKS ARE QUICKLY BRUSHED OUT--AND NEW TRACKS ARE PLACED IN THE DUST OF THE CANYON ROAD---



THE TEN TRUCKS SOON APPEAR, DRIVING FAST

ROAD NARROWS GOING UP CANYON-- WE SHOULD CATCH UP WITH TRUCKS AHEAD VERY SOON



AND SWEEP ON UP THE CANYON ROAD AND INTO THE TRAP WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST SUSPICION



NOW WE WILL REPLACE THE ROCKS AND BUSHES, SO THAT THE REMAINING TRUCKS COMING ALONG SOON WILL GO RIGHT PAST THE CANYON ROAD WITHOUT EVEN KNOWING IT'S THERE ---



AND THEY'LL NEVER SUSPECT THEY'RE MISSING THE TEN TRUCKS THAT WERE AHEAD OF THEM !!

MY MEN WILL STOP THE TRUCKS A FEW MILES UP THE CANYON, SO THAT THE JAPS ON THE MAIN ROAD WILL NOT HEAR ANY STRAY SHOOTING



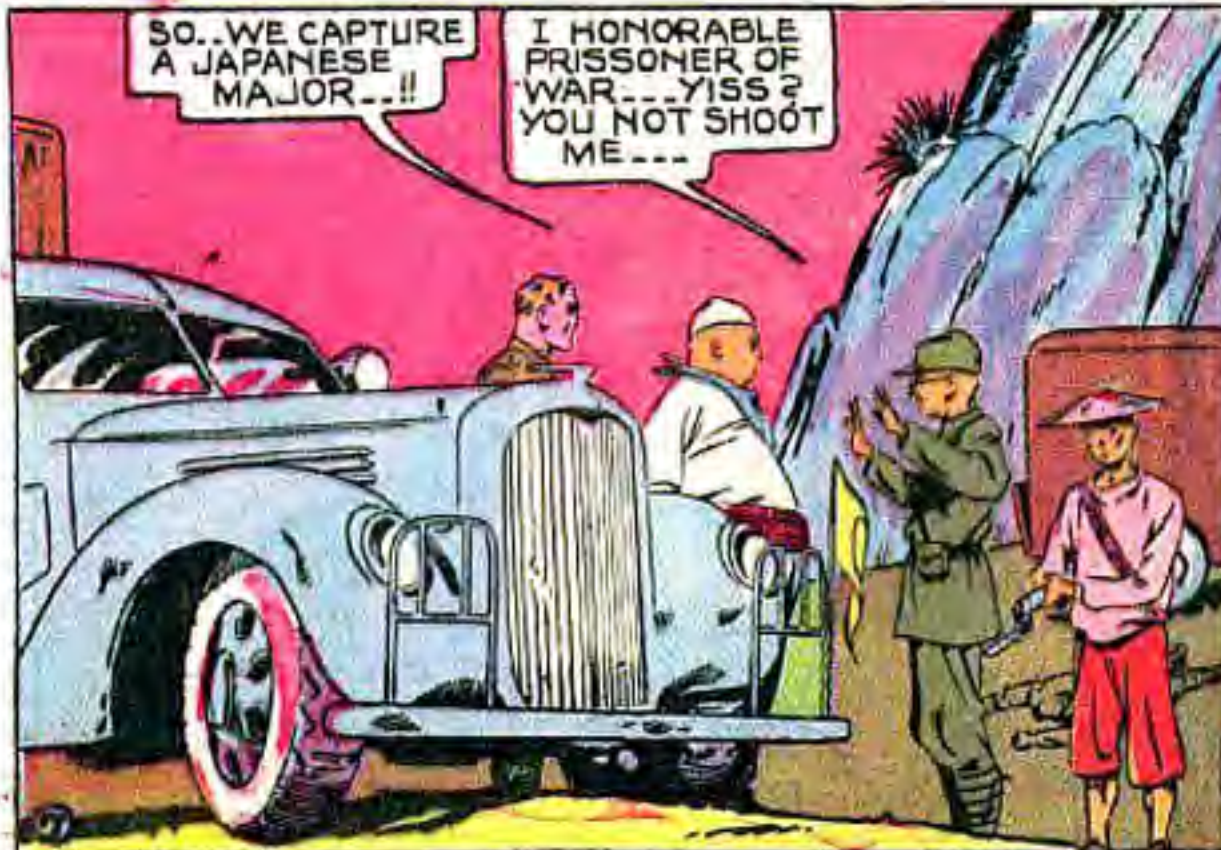
A SHORT TIME LATER TEX SEES THE CAPTURED JAP TRUCKS---



HEY, ONE OF 'EM IS A GAS TRUCK -- !! HOT DAWG !!

SO...WE CAPTURE A JAPANESE MAJOR...!!

I HONORABLE PRISONER OF WAR...YISS? YOU NOT SHOOT ME---

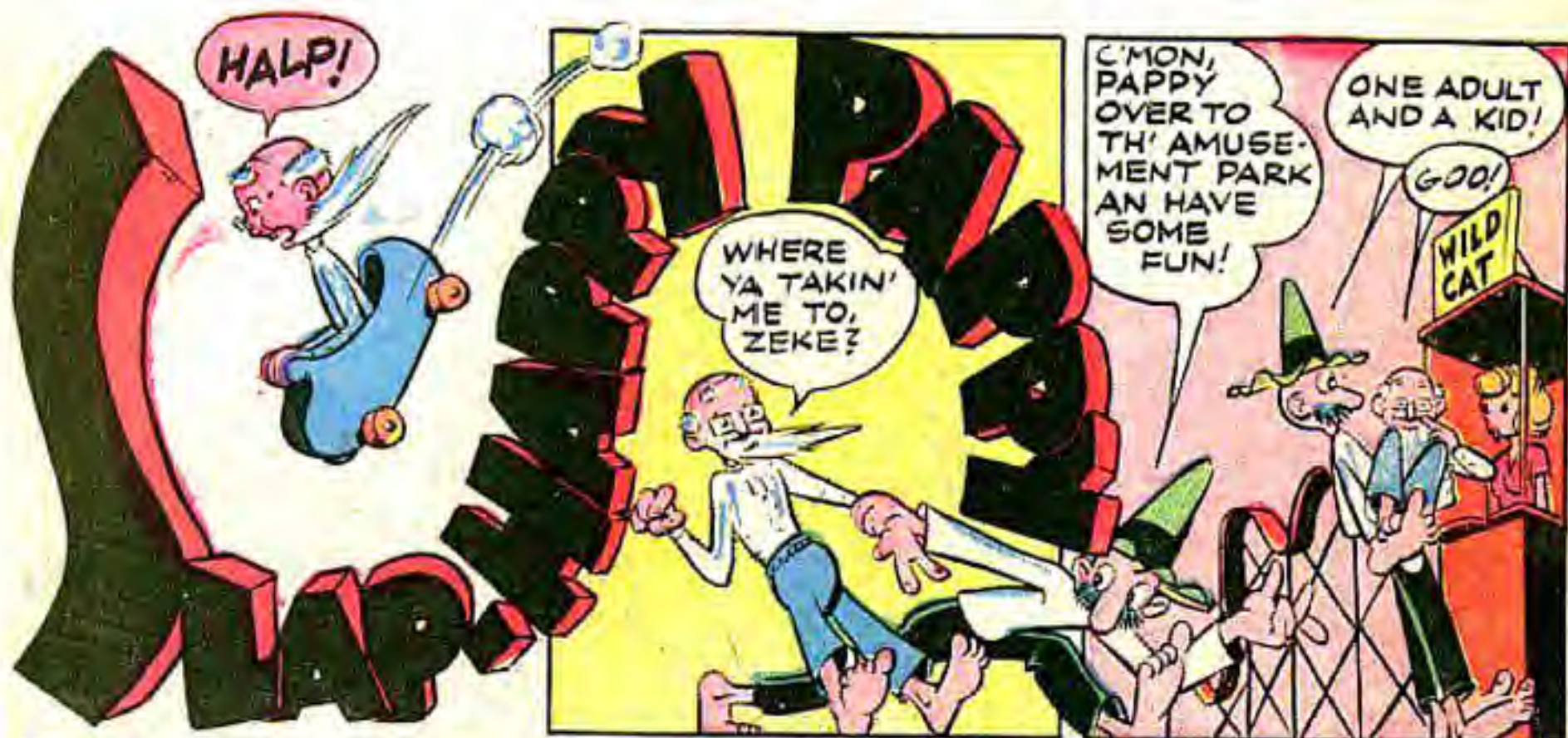


WAIT, TUNG TING... LET ME HAVE THIS JAP MAJOR TO TAKE BACK WITH ME, IN PLACE OF THE INFORMATION YOU WERE UNABLE TO GIVE ME

AS YOU WISH, MR. ADAMS... HE SHOULD BE A VALUABLE SOURCE OF INFORMATION







Are you following Plastic Man each month in POLICE COMICS?

THIS IS A TRUE TALE,
HEH, HEH,
AND THESE TWO LITTLE
CREATURES ARE MY
FRIENDS —
OH DON'T LOOK FOR THEM,
THEY'RE *INVISIBLE* —
ONLY THE GREAT
PROFESSOR TINKER,
CAN SEE THEM

BUT, START
READING, FOLKS
AND WATCH ME SOLVE
THE CASE OF THE
STRANGE DO-BOS.

The BLACK CONDOR

NOONTIME FINDS SENATOR TOM
WRIGHT AT THE FASHIONABLE RITZ.

AH, THERE'S
A TABLE









AT THE CORNER DRUGGIST

THEN I'M CALLING ON YOU AT 9:00, PROFESSOR!

THAT'S HIS NAME AND ADDRESS, EAR - I'LL MEET YOU THERE.

THE LAIR OF THE EAR.....

REMEMBER, NO SLIPUPS - GET THE CAR READY. !!

OFF-AND NOT TO THE RACES

WHAT A BREAK FOR ME-WITH THE DO-BOS IN MY POWER-I'LL BE RICHER THAN MIDAS!!!

NAZI SUBS WILL PAY BIG WHEN THOSE DO-BOS PREDICT CONVOY ROUTES TO ME !!

THE BLACK CONDOR ALSO PREPARES TO PAY A VISIT....

PERHAPS IF I VISIT THE PROFESSOR AS THE BLACK CONDOR IT WOULD BE EASIER TO PURSUADE HIM!!

MEANWHILE AT THE LABORATORY OF PROFESSOR TINKER.....

NOW FOR THE LAST TIME PROFESSOR, WHERE ARE THEM DO-BOS!!!

BUT I TELL YOU- THEY ARE IN THIS ROOM- THEY'RE INVISIBLE- YOU CAN'T SEE THEM!!

WISE GUY, HUH- I GOT A WAY OF MAKIN' YOU TIGHT-LIPPED GUYS TALK!!!

SMACK



PICK HIM UP!!
I'LL ATTEND TO HIM
PERSONALLY!!



HEY CHIEF!!
I JUST SPOTTED
THE **BLACK**
CONDOR DROP-
PIN' OUT OF THE SKY!



WELL, ONE SURE
THING IS HE'S
NOT COMING
H-H-HERE!!

I DON'T KNOW;
THAT BIRD
GUY GOT A
HABIT OF
BEING IN TOO
MANY PLACES
AT ONE TIME



HAVING A LITTLE
SESSION, BOYS!!

WHAT
TH!!



OH-OH... I BETTER
GET OUT OF HERE!!



DON'T LEAVE
NOW!!

I REALLY
MUST BE
GOING!!



BUT I INSIST!

OH- THAT'S
DIFFERENT!



NOW'S MY CHANCE
TO GET AWAY!



POOR OLD FELLOW! THEY
ALMOST DID HIM IN!
HE'S COMING TO —



OOHHHHH...
MY HEAD!
WHAT
HAPPENED?

TAKL
EAS,
PROFESSOR.



HUH! WHO ARE YOU?
MY DO-BOS,
WHERE ARE
THEY?

SENATOR WRIGHT
COULDN'T MAKE IT,
SO HE SENT ME
INSTEAD.



THOSE HOODLUMS TRIED TO
STEAL MY DO-BOS. AHH, THERE
THEY ARE. ONE'S ON THE MANTEL-
PIECE SMOKING, AND THE
OTHER IS ON THE TABLE
READING--- BUT OF COURSE,
YOU CAN'T SEE THEM.

WELL I'LL BE---!
LET'S LEAVE THEM
THERE FOR THE
TIME BEING. YOU
AND I HAVE AN
APPOINTMENT WITH
THE SECRETARY OF
WAR.



MEANWHILE

IF THE CONDOR GETS
CONTROL OF THEM IT'LL
MEAN DEFEAT FOR THE
AXIS POWERS - I KNOW A
WAY TO STOP THEM!



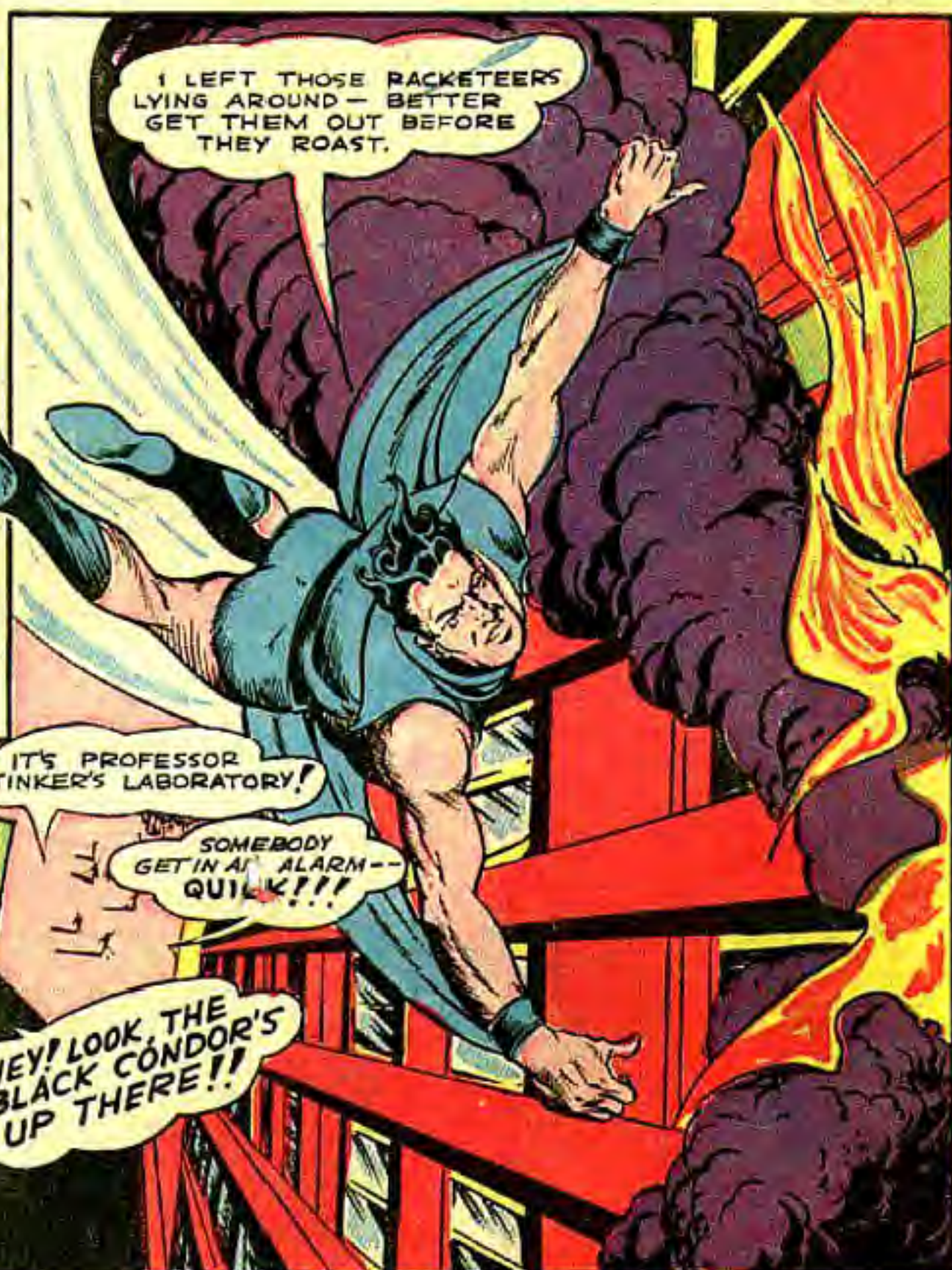
HEH! HEH! THIS
IS FUN MR. BLACK
CONDOR. I'VE NEVER
TRAVELED QUITE
THIS WAY BEFORE!



WAIT!
LOOK! MY
LABORATORY,
IT'S ON FIRE!



YOU WAIT HERE, PROFESSOR!



I LEFT THOSE RACKETEERS LYING AROUND — BETTER GET THEM OUT BEFORE THEY ROAST.



WOW! WHAT A FIRE!!

IT'S PROFESSOR TINKER'S LABORATORY!

SOMEBODY GET IN AN ALARM — QUICK!!!

HEY! LOOK THE BLACK CONDOR'S UP THERE!!



HEE-HEE-HEE, THAT TAKES CARE OF THE DO-BOS — AH, AND THE CONDOR TOO.



THERE'S THE CONDOR! HE'S CARRYING SOME BODIES!

OKAY! OKAY! GET BACK EVERYBODY — C'MON BACK UP!!

HERE COME THE FIRE ENGINES!!



Another exciting episode of The Black Condor in the next issue.

Molly the Model



Molly the Model

JOVE! A REAL JAVANESE FANTAIL!



Enjoy Molly The Model in each and every issue of CRACK COMICS.

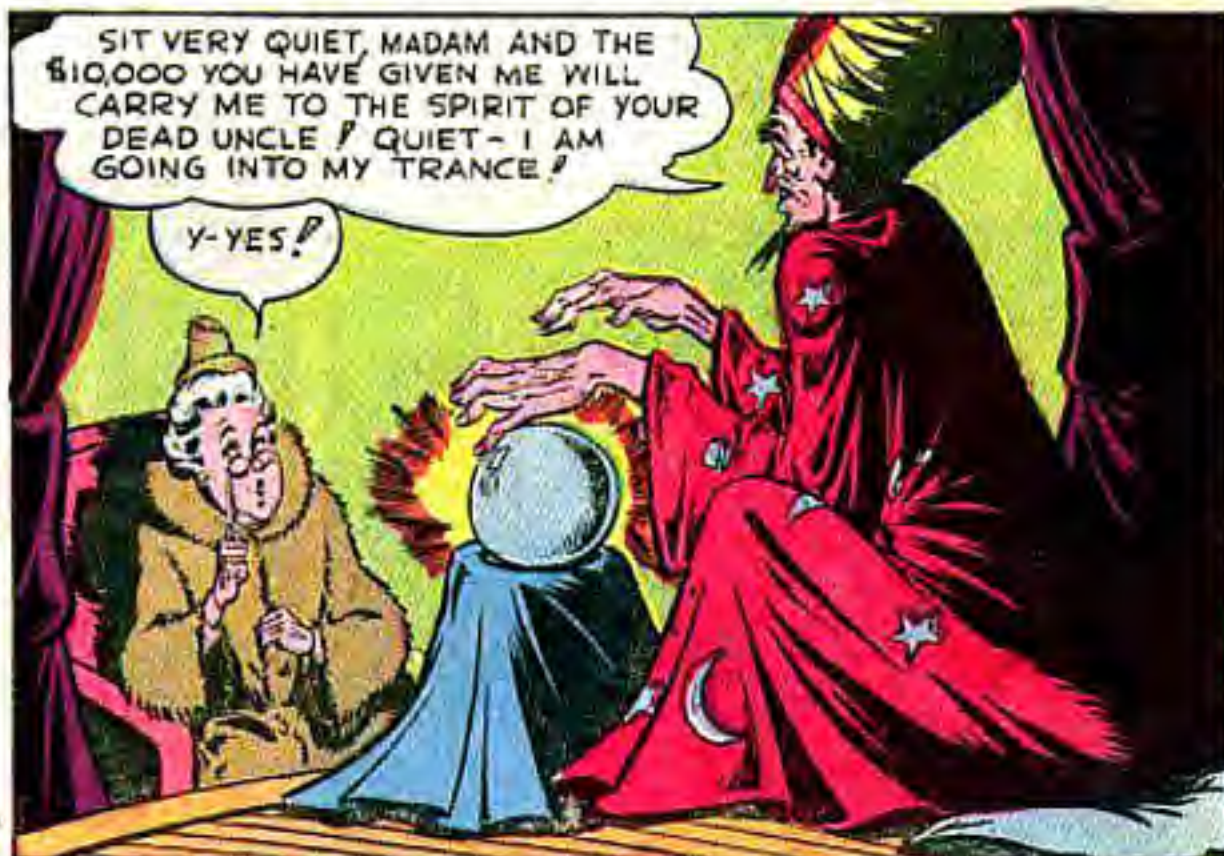
Alias
THE

SPIDER



EAST IS EAST...
AND WEST IS WEST.... AND
NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL
MEET.. Y OH YEAH?!! WHEN
THAT SO-CALLED MAHARAJA
OF MARAKA OPENED A JOINT
ON PARK AVENUE TO
COMMUNICATE WITH
DEAD RELATIVES OF ANYONE
WITH MORE THAN \$10,000, THEY
DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO
WITH... WEST FLOCKED
TO MEET EAST LIKE
NOBODY'S BUSINESS

!!
AND NOW - IN THE NEWLY
RIGGED-UP TEMPLE OF THE
FAMOUS MAHARAJA OF
MARAKA.....



OH-OH!
THE
MAHARAJA
HAS
ANOTHER
VISITOR
IN THE
CORNER
OF HIS
ROOM!
SOMEONE
HE
DOESN'T
KNOW
ABOUT
!



- HE'S A PHONEY!
REMEMBER IGGIE THE
YOGI FROM TH' DAYS
WHEN WE HAD
VAUDEVILLE?
THAT'S HIM!

NO KIDDIN'! Y'KNOW
MERGERTROI - WE
COULD MAKE
SOME DOUGH
SHAKIN' HIM
DOWN!



YEAH! I'M
SURE WE COULD!
GET YOUR MITTS
OFF ME MERGERTROI
AN I'LL SHOW YOU
HOW T'SHAKE DOWN
DIS PHONEY!

NIX! Y'CANT
JUST BUST UP TH' SET-UP!
Y'GOT TA BE DIPLOMATIC..
Y'KNOW - SHREWD - -
EVERYTHING'S GOT
TO BE PLANNED.



NUTS - ALL I GOTTA
DO IS BUST 'IM ON
THE KISSER AN
HELL TALK
TOIKEY!

LOOIE - WE'RE BIG TIMERS
NOW - WE CAN'T DO BUSINESS
THAT WAY! LISTEN -
I GOT AN IDEA! B-2-2-
2-2-2-2-2-2



WHAT'S THIS?? THE MAHARAJA HAS MORE COMPANY -
TOM HALLAWAY - ALIAS THE SPIDER!



LOOIE AND MERGERTROI? DON'T TELL
ME THEY'RE TIED UP WITH THIS
PHONEY SPIRITUALIST??

PSST - IGGIE! DIS IS
MERGERTROI AN' LOOIE?
WE'RE GONNA BE 90%
PARTNERS WITH YOU--
'CAUSE IF WE AIN'T
YOU'RE GONNA LAND
IN JAIL!

WHY DON'T YOU LET
ME SOCK TH' MUG? IT'LL
SAVE A LOT OF
ARGUING!



LOOIE -
SHADDUP!
I'M TALKING
BUSINESS!

OKAY YOU GUYS -
I'LL SEE YOU IN A FEW
MINUTES! NOW
KEEP QUIET!

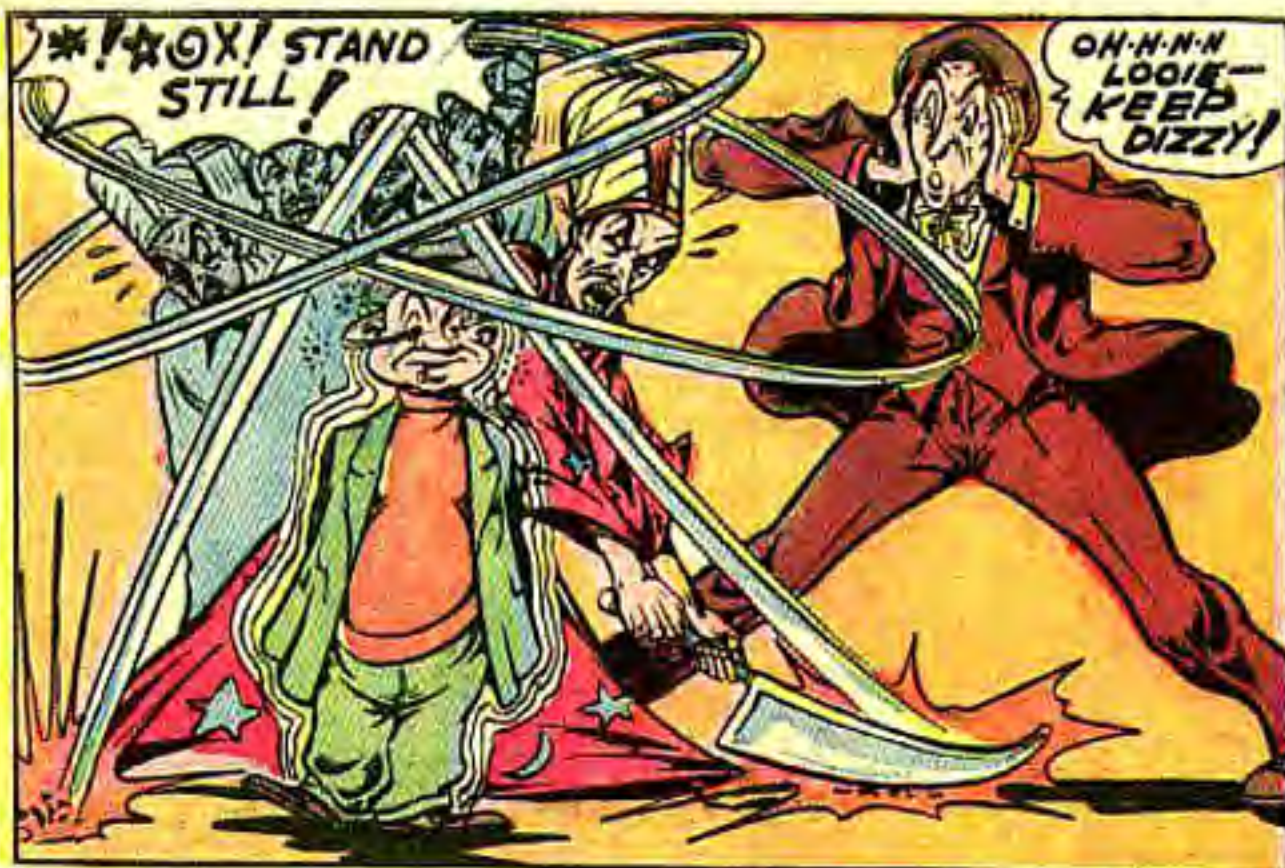


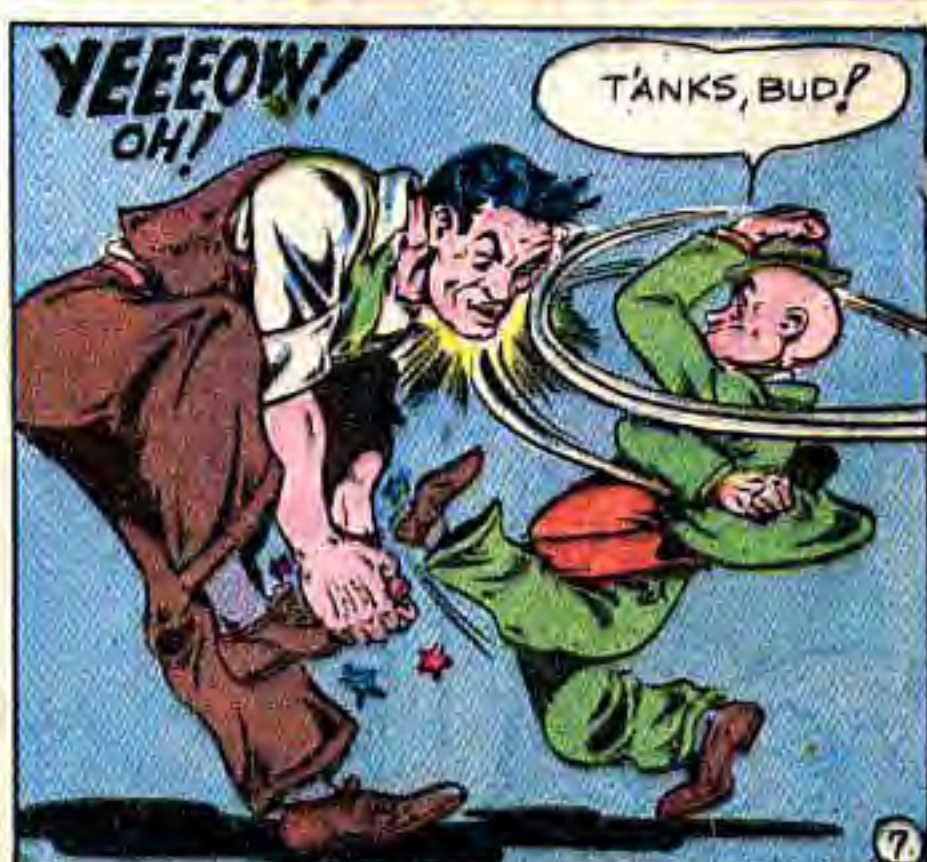
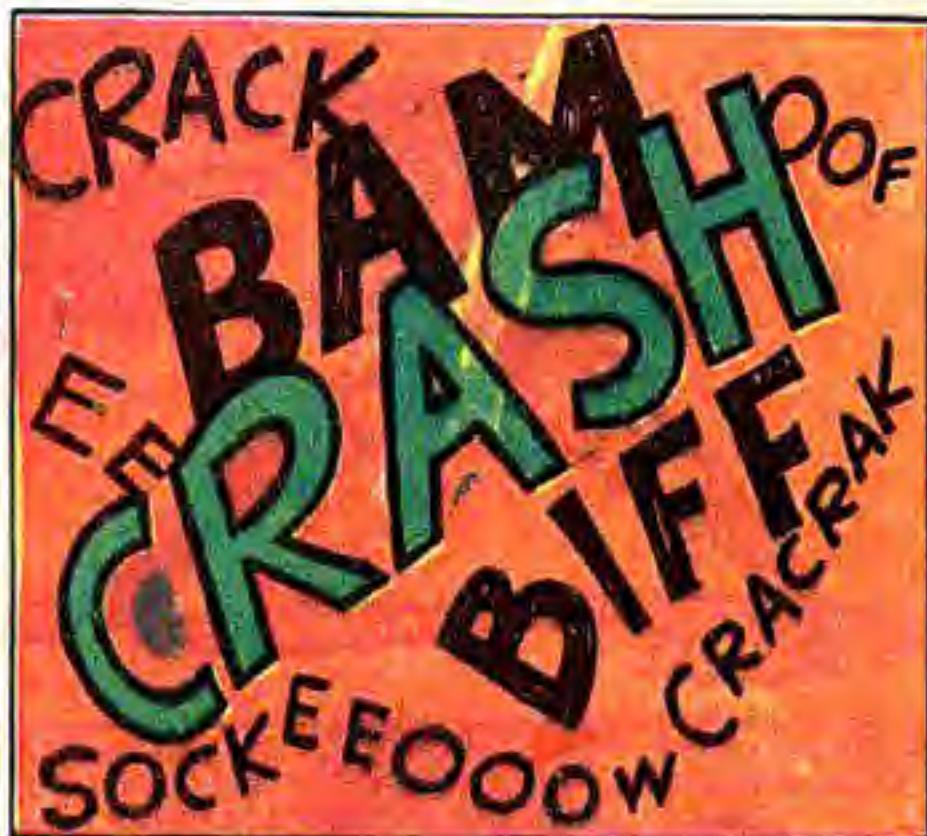
SO THAT'S IT! WELL -
I'LL TAKE CARE
OF THAT!

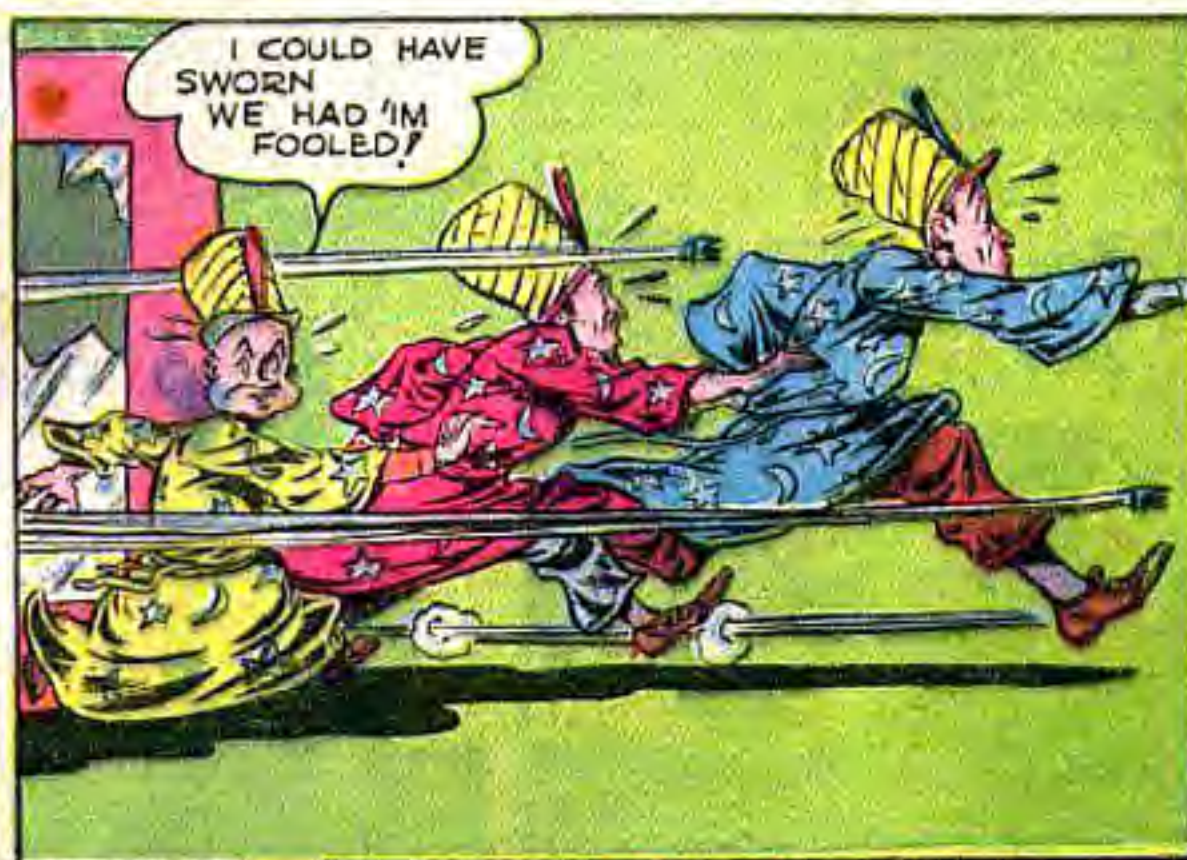












Follow Alias The Spider each month in CRACK COMICS.

HACK O'HARA

CRIMINALS USE HACK O'HARA'S TAXI FOR A SLAUGHTER HOUSE. ON TOP OF THAT THEY FORGET TO PAY THE FARE. FOLLOW NEW YORK'S TOUGHEST CABBIE AS HE MAKES THE KILLERS PAY OFF - DOUBLE.



HACK O'HARA LIVES WITH HIS AUNT IN A CHEAP NEW YORK TENEMENT

SWELL BREAKFAST, AUNT CARRY. GOT TO BE ROLLING ALONG NOW.

AW--GEE



PRETTY SOON YOU'LL BE RUNNING AROUND AND PLAYING LIKE THE OTHER KIDS, EH OLD TIMER?

Y-YES, UNCLE HACK-- IF YOU SAY SO.



THEY TOLD ME YESTERDAY AT THE CLINIC THAT THERE WAS ONLY ONE HOPE FOR NED. AN OPERATION BY DR. LAURITZ, THE GREAT AUSTRIAN SPECIALIST, BUT WHERE WILL WE EVER GET THE MONEY FOR THAT?

DON'T WORRY, WE'LL MANAGE IT.



THAT NIGHT THE FIGHTS AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN ARE OVER, THOUSANDS POUR OUT OF ITS MANY EXITS...



BLACK GETS A FARE...



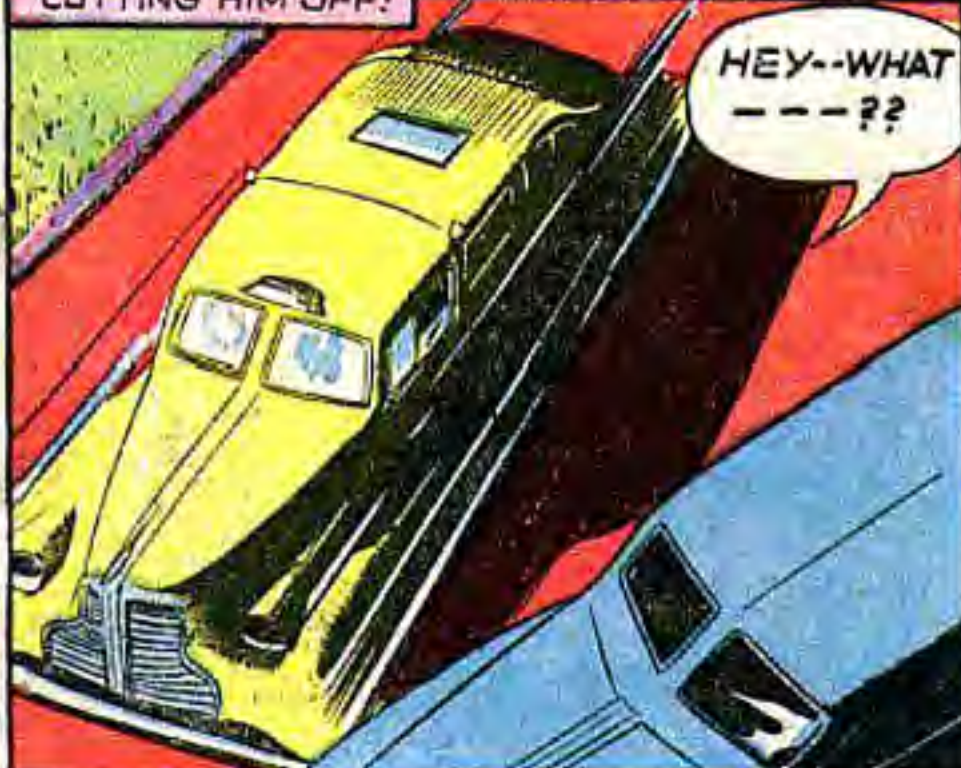
WHERE TO, GENTLEMEN? BOY, WHAT A HARD FAN THAT GUY HAS!

DRIVE THROUGH CENTRAL PARK. WE WANT SOME AIR...



SUDDENLY A CAR SWERVES ACROSS HIS PATH, CUTTING HIM OFF!

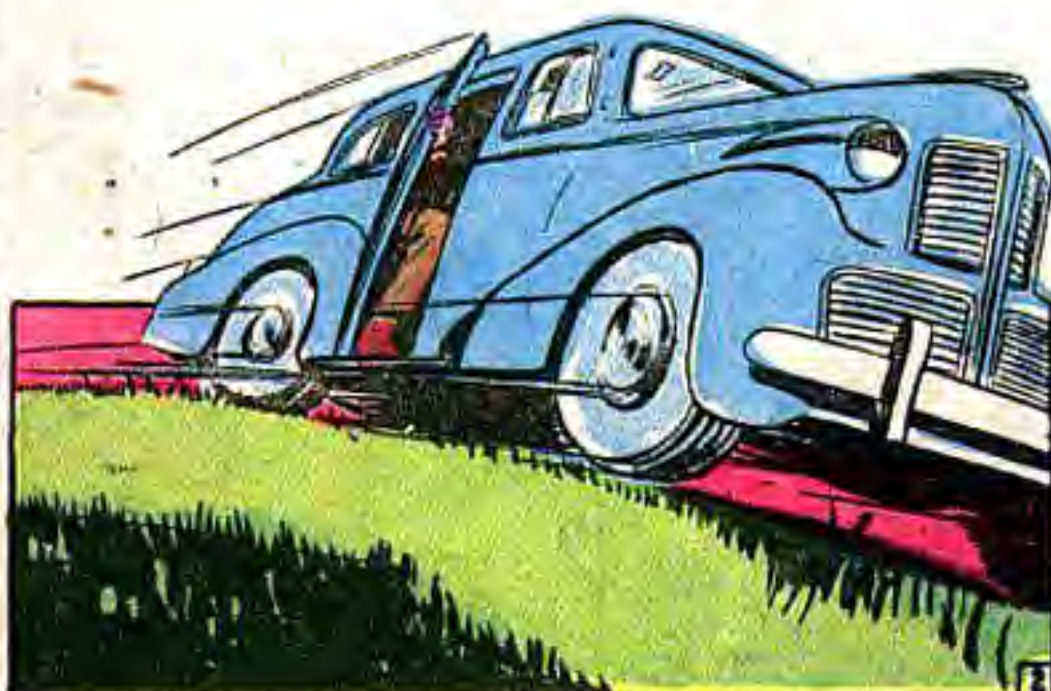
HEY--WHAT ---??



HEY, WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

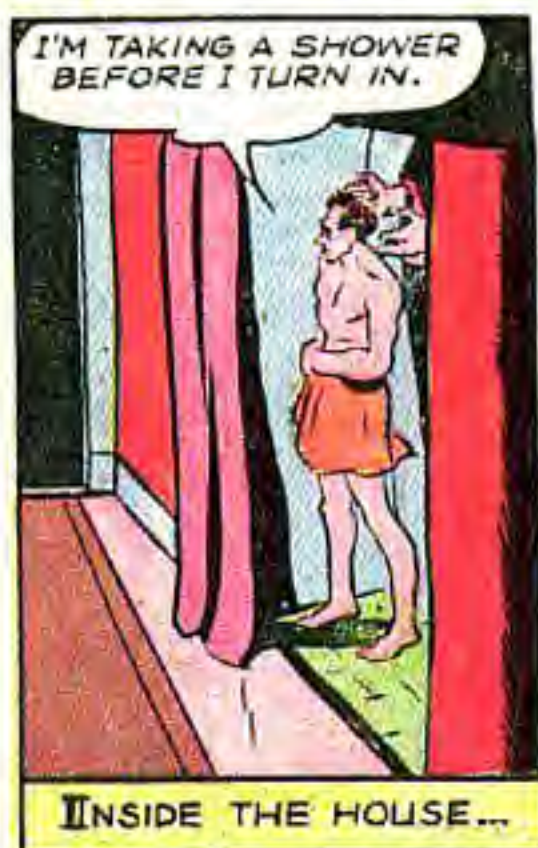


THE OFFENDING CAR QUICKLY SPEEDS AWAY...











Don't miss the next installment of Hack O'Hara,

THE GREAT INVENTION

THE madness was upon old Mavira. He sat in the doorway of his thatch hut and glowered. Occasionally he would rattle a gourd filled with sacred pebbles and mutter an imprecation. The gods had turned their heads away from Mavira in his trouble. And now he was as a man possessed with demons.

Old Mavira had good reason to be angry, no question about that. The Wazambos had sneaked into the village two nights before and stolen three young men, thirty cows, sixteen goats, and then set fire to a dozen huts. Old Gamato, the grandmother, had been burned to death in her hut.

"The evil one," muttered old Mavira. "Sons of the devil, and daughters of witches!"

Yaka, old Mavira's wife, came out of the hut, being very careful not to touch her lord, and began building a small fire of sticks. When the flames were leaping high, she hung a heavy iron kettle over it and began dropping chunks of horribly smelling meat into it, adding a dash of water. In a moment the brew was bubbling and sending off into the air a sickening stench.

When it cooked, Yaka filched out a bit with her fingers and held it toward Mavira. The old chief cursed, striking her hand with a long bone. Then he shoved her backwards into the flames. Yaka screamed as she scrambled to her feet and ran toward the river, her rags burning. She plunged into the water and for a moment thrashed about, dousing the fire. Painfully she crawled up on the bank, glaring in the direction of Mavira.

Several small boys, hidden in the weeds, began chuckling at the old woman's plight. Like a tigress she turned on them, picking up handfuls of stones and hurling them at the offenders.

"Imps of the devil!" she screamed. "Get you hence!" They ran, shouting insults.

High over the sunbaked plain of Nigeria, a big plane circled in the blue sky. It held three occupants. The pilot pointed down.

"That's about it," he said.

Eric Vale nodded. Then he consulted a map.

"Think we can make a landing down there?" he asked.

Norcross, the other passenger, who was an engineer, grinned. "Probably have no trouble landing," he said; "but what about the Maviros? I understand they are pretty ugly toward whites."

The pilot grunted. "We'll take care of 'em. A few bursts from our machine-gun will send 'em running."

They brought the plane down and Phillips, the pilot, expertly jockeyed it to a neat landing. They climbed out onto the hot earth.

"Looks peaceful enough," Eric said. "Too peaceful."

Phillips patted the blue barrel of the gun. "I'd like a chance to use this," he said grimly.

"We don't want trouble if we can avoid it," Eric said. "If we can get along with these natives, so much the better. All we want is their bauxite."

That was their mission. Uncle Sam had sent them to Nigeria to tap a vast storehouse of bauxite. Bauxite is necessary in defense manufacturing. This was reported to be one of the largest deposits in the world. Untouched, too. Hitler might make a try for it. At least that was what those in the 'know' said. It was first come, first served. Well, Uncle Sam was on the ground floor.

There was more than just the tapping of bauxite in store for Eric Vale, adventurer extraordinary. Eric had invented a gadget which he hoped would revolutionize mining of all sorts. Several engineers had openly denounced the machine as worthless, and even Norcross looked upon it as a sort of silly whim.

After a good dinner, Phillips and Norcross stretched out under the belly of the big plane. Eric was to keep awake for three hours, then call Phillips. They would not all sleep while roving Maviros were in the vicinity.

Early the next morning, the three adventurers set out for a trek of the immediate vicinity. They would keep the plane in view at all times. Thus far they had seen no natives, but that meant nothing. The Maviros were probably keeping them un-

der surveillance from hiding places.

"Just where," said Phillips, "are we supposed to look for this bauxite?"

"The only directions we have," Eric replied, "are just what you see—this area 'somewhere', as Ellery said in his report. He was afraid to leave any markings, because he'd seen German agents in the territory."

Eric let out a sudden shout. "Look—down there at the plane!"

"The Maviros!" gasped Norcross. Phillips brought his machine gun up, but Eric knocked it aside. "Not yet," he warned. "They are probably curious. We'll give 'em a chance to be friendly."

But as the three men started toward the ship, two hundred yards away, the savages broke into a run and, with wild yells, scattered into the surrounding jungle.

"We'd better be on our guard," said Eric.

They moved the plane that afternoon, flying it to another sector of the area. They landed in a natural amphitheatre to which there was only one opening—a perfect place to protect their plane.

Norcross remained near the ship the next day, while Phillips and Eric set out on another trek to search for the bauxite. Phillips reluctantly left his beloved machine gun with Norcross. Phillips grumblingly packed the heavy pressure tank with which Eric was to try out his secret mining device; he carried the nozzle and other apparatus.

For miles, they covered the rugged hills within a great circle whose axis was their little amphitheatre. It was sunset when they headed homeward.

The following day went the same way. Only this time Phillips stayed in camp, and Norcross lugged Eric's equipment. And once they had a chance to use it. They came to a small stream in a deep gully. One wall had traces of bauxite showing. Eric trained his machine on the wall, but when several tons of dirt had been ripped from the wall, they saw nothing but solid granite and limestone. Discouraged, Eric shook his head.

"It's beginning to look sort of hopeless, Norry."

"Yeah. Why the heck didn't Ellery stick up some kind of a mark? This is worse than looking for the needle in the haystack!"

They trudged back to camp, their muscles stiff and sore.

After a good dinner, Eric set up his equipment for a thorough test. Tomorrow, he'd vowed, they would find their objective. He drew little response from the other two as he aimed the stream of his nozzle against a wall of their little basin. The clay was torn away as if some giant claw were ripping it. Small trees were uprooted and crashed to the bottom of the tiny valley. Eric turned his stream this way and that.

"Look!" he cried out suddenly. In the last rays of the sun they could all see something glittering. The Bauxite! Ellery had found his mine right here in the little amphitheatre! Feverishly they set to work uncovering the rich deposit. The powerful stream of water, hurled by several thousand pounds pressure, cut through even solid rock, and it took only a short time to uncover a great area of the precious mineral.

They were just finishing when there was a shrill, bloodthirsty, cry from the jungle above them. Then a shower of fiery darts fell in their midst.

"The Maviros!" shouted Phillips, going for his machine gun. In a moment it was chattering its song of death. Norcross sniped with his rifle from a point near the plane.

But their shooting brought little results. The savages kept well hidden, and poured forth their flaming arrows. If one of them fell on the plane—

"I've got it," said Eric sudden-

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ly. He dashed to the ship, opened the gas tank, and inserted the pump tube of his mining device. If it shot water in a stone-cutting stream, it would certainly do the same with gasoline.

A test spurt threw the gas in a stream three hundred feet long. Then Eric touched a match to the stream—a pencil-thin line of liquid fire tore into the jungle and the groups of hidden Maviros. Their screams rose as they burst from cover and

scampered into the interior, some of them bathed in fire.

Eric was chuckling as he turned off the stream. "Guess that got 'em!" he said. "And I don't think they'll bother us again."

Phillips and Norcross took off the next morning for the seacoast, to cable their homeland. Eric would stay at the mine and wait for them. "And don't worry about me," he told his two companions. "The Maviros won't trouble me with my flame thrower!"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1932 OF CRACK COMICS published bi-monthly at Buffalo, New York for October 1, 1942.

State of Connecticut }
County of Fairfield } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the CRACK COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1932, embodied in section 397, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Comic Magazines, Inc., 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn.; Editor, John Beardley, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Comic Magazines, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.; Claire C. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich Conn.; Henry P. Martin, Jr., 8 Foster Drive, Des Moines, Iowa.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

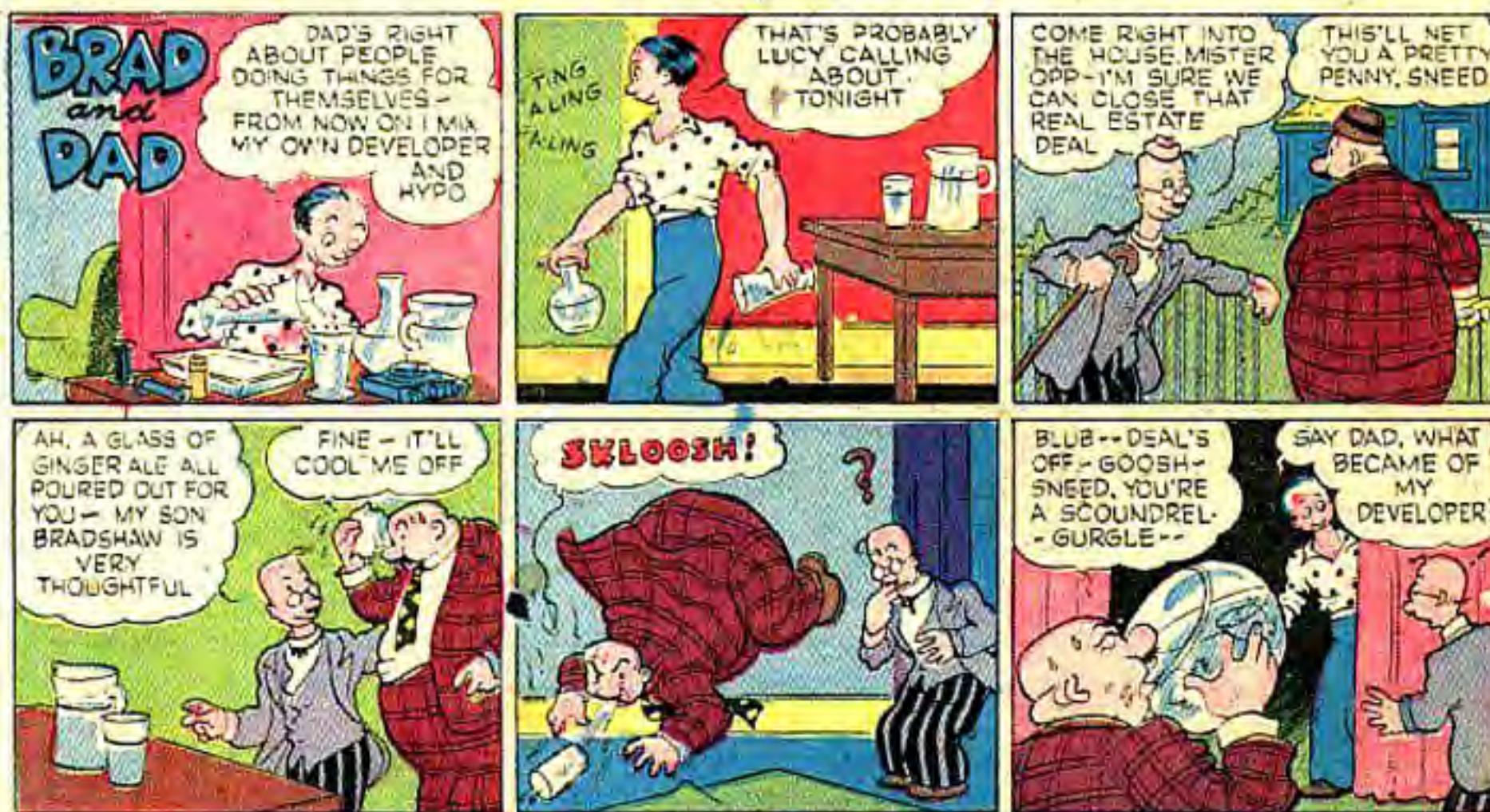
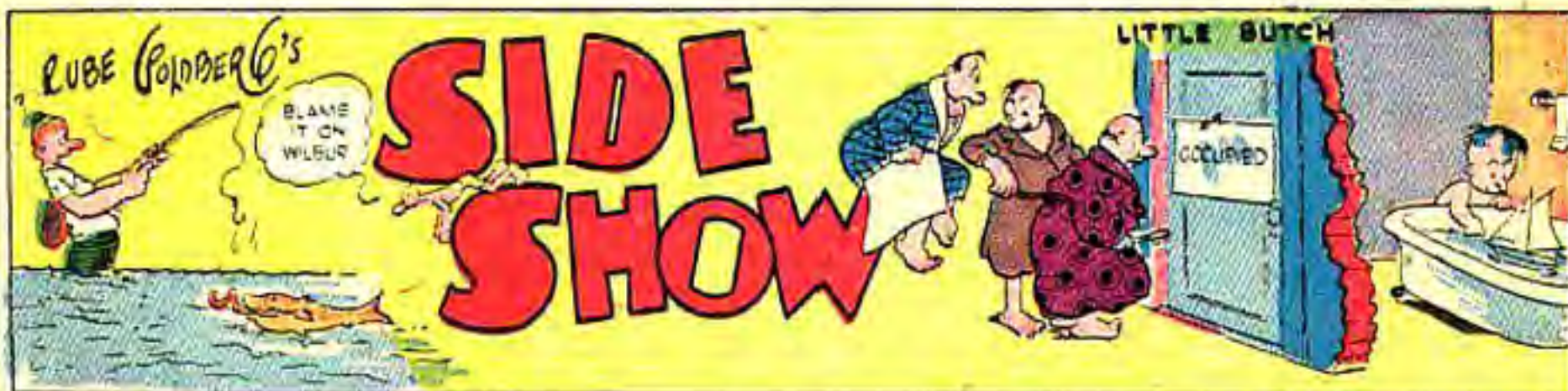
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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

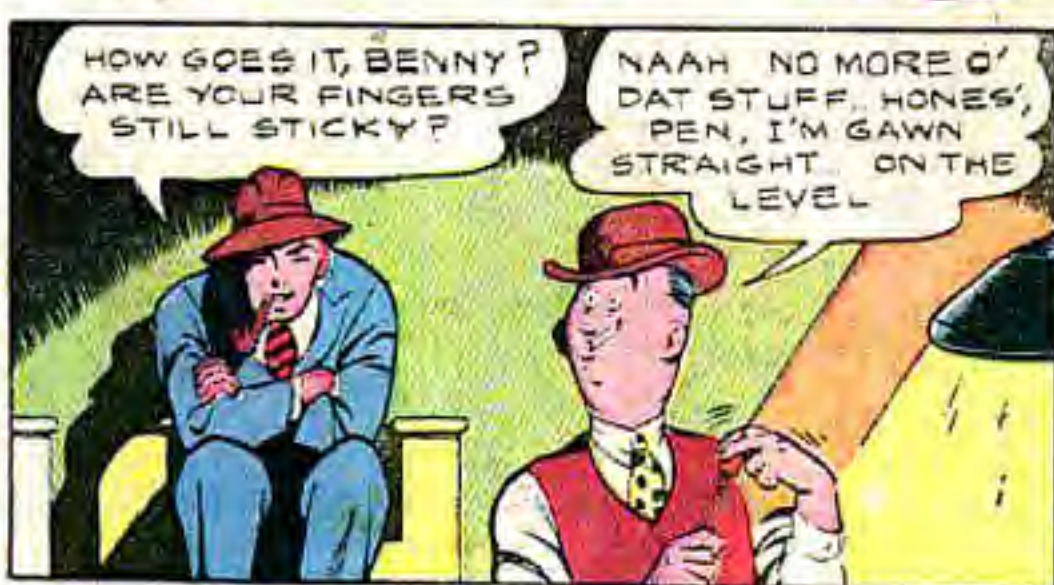
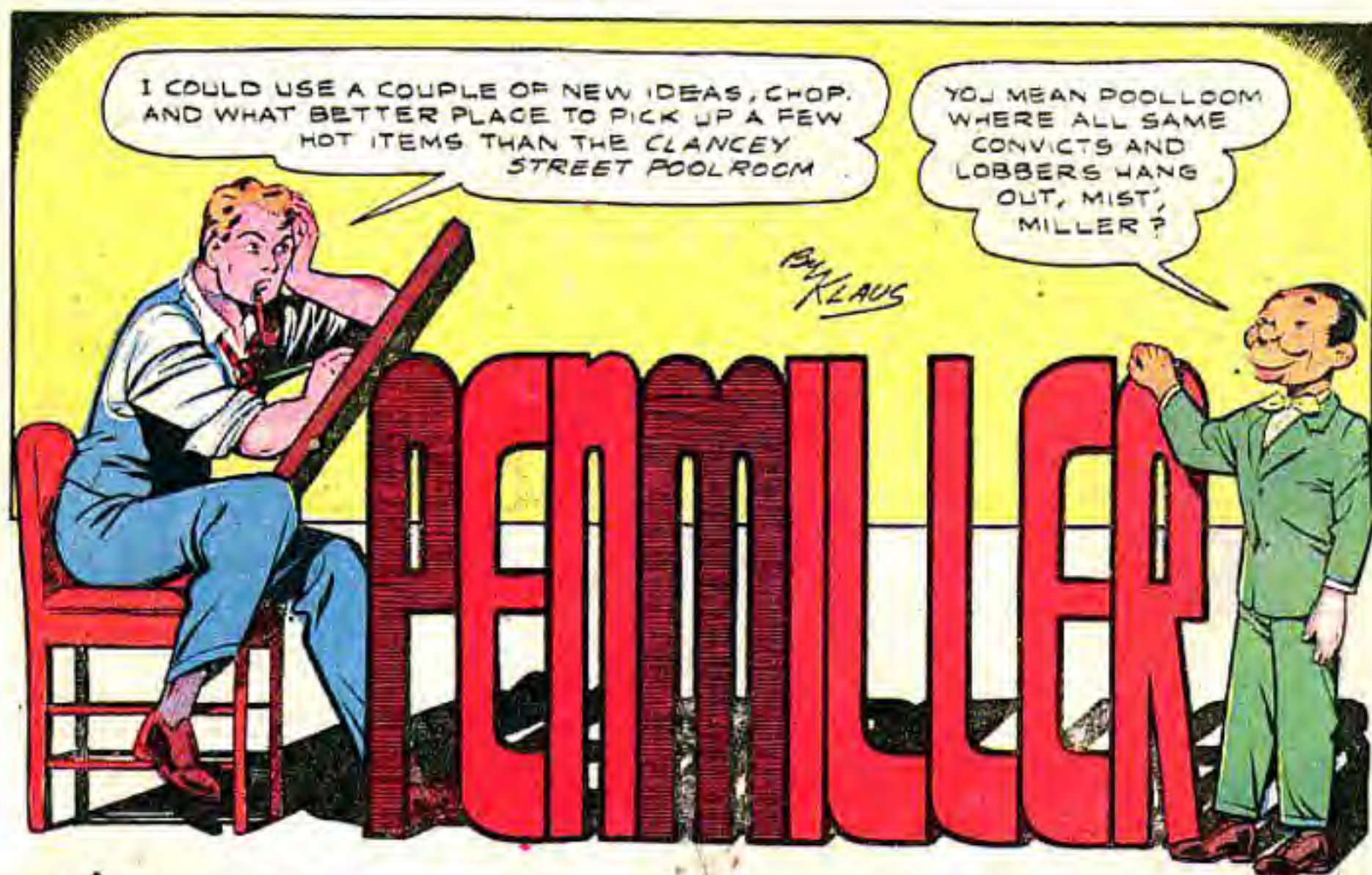
EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1942.

LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (My commission expires February 1, 1944.)



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by
GEORGE
E.
BRENNER

The CLOCK

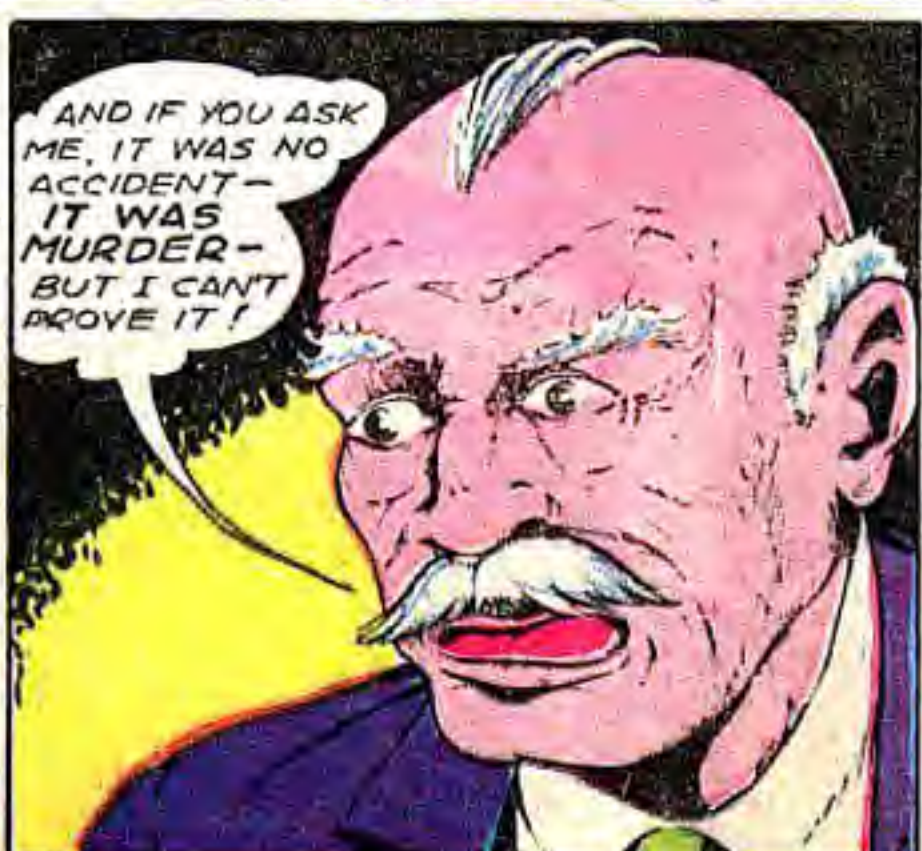


AND THE
HOUSE OF HORROR!

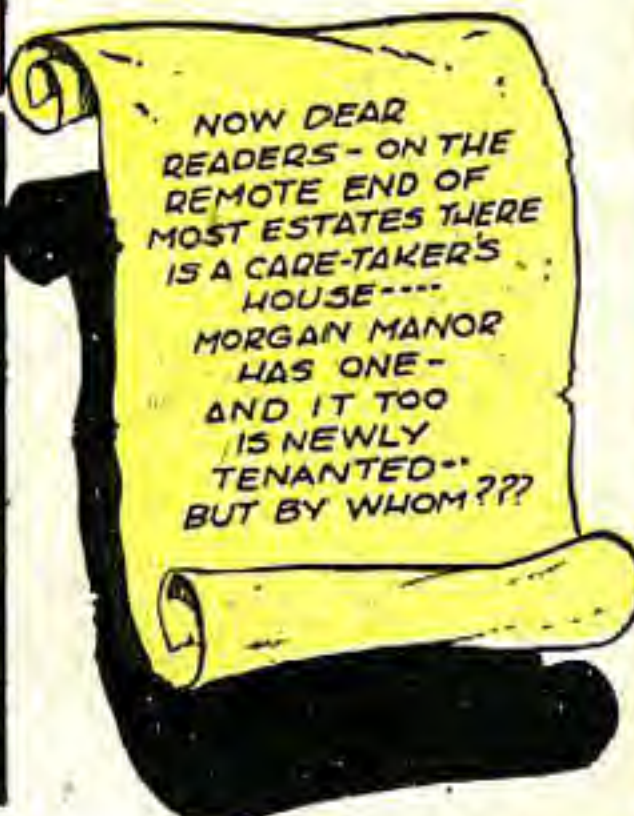
HIGH ON THE CRAGGY CLIFFS, OVERLOOKING THE LITTLE TOWN OF MORGANVILLE, STANDS AN EERY, OLD MANSION, ITS TOWERS REACHING UP LIKE COLD GRAY FINGERS, INTO THE FOG SHROUDED SKY---



THE QUIET AND SOLITUDE OF THE PEACE LOVING VILLAGE IS BROKEN BY THOSE WHO ARE BRAVE ENOUGH TO EVEN WHISPER ABOUT THE FORBODING EVIL THAT NOW HANGS OVER THEIR HEADS.



AND THE CAUSE OF ALL THIS, IS THE NEW OWNER OF MORGAN MANOR - CYRUS VULTAN----



RIGHT- THE CLOCK AND HIS SHARP TONGUED AIDE, BUTCH, A LITTLE ORPHAN GIRL----



WHEN I WANTED TO GO TO THE COUNTRY, YOU SAID WE COULDN'T SPARE THE TIME, THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND AN' HERE WE ARE - WHY?



THERE'S A REASON, BUTCH-

IT BETTER BE GOOD - WHAT IS IT?



"THE ORCHID!"

TALK SENSE - WHAT'S A FLOWER GOT TO DO WITH IT?



IT'S NOT A FLOWER - IT'S A WOMAN!

WHY YOU TWO TIMIN' SO-AND-SO--

I THOUGHT I WAS THE ONLY WOMAN IN YOUR LIFE-- WHO IS THIS DAME??

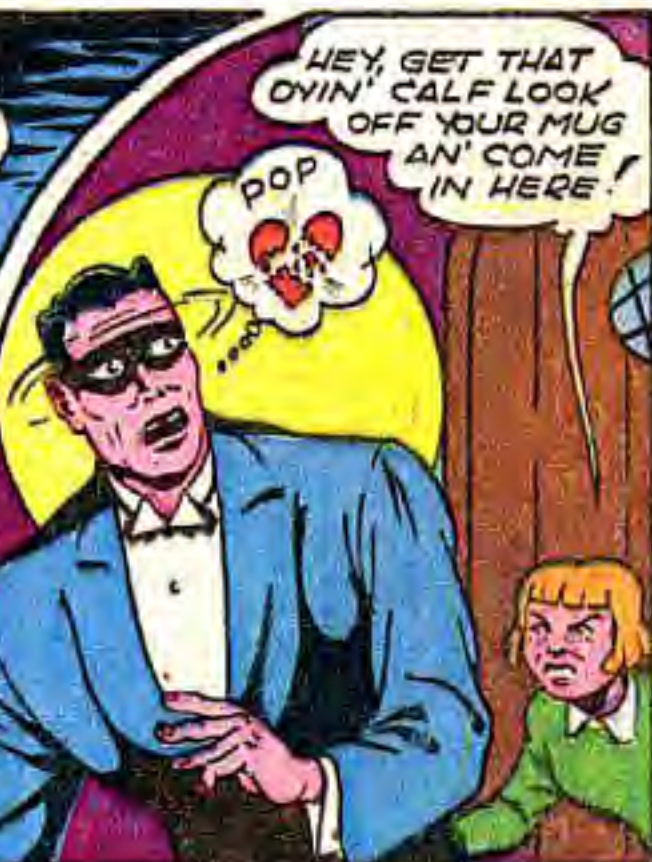


I DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT HER - BUT SHE SEEMS TO KNOW ALL ABOUT ME-- LIKE US, SHE FIGHTS CRIME AND CALLS HERSELF, "THE ORCHID" - AND WHEN THINGS ARE TOO TOUGH FOR HER TO HANDLE, SHE CALLS ON ME - IF I REFUSE TO HELP HER, SHE THREATENS TO MAKE KNOWN WHO THE CLOCK IS!!





AND AS MYSTERIOUSLY AS SHE CAME, THE ORCHID VANISHES, LEAVING THE CLOCK STANDING ALONE---



CAT-LIKE, HE MAKES HIS WAY INTO THE LIBRARY---



AND AS HE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE---



I WOULDN'T TRY THAT AGAIN, SISTER!!

OH!!!
I-I THOUGHT YOU WERE CYRUS???



CYRUS VULTAN! - WHAT IS HE TO YOU???

MY BROTHER!



YOUR BROTHER - AND YOU TRIED TO KILL HIM??

YOU WOULD TOO, IF YOU WERE HELD PRISONER FOR TEN YEARS AND SAW NOTHING BUT CRIME AND MURDER COMMITTED -



OH, PLEASE, DO SOMETHING TO SAVE ME - SOMEDAY, HE - HE'LL KILL EVEN ME -



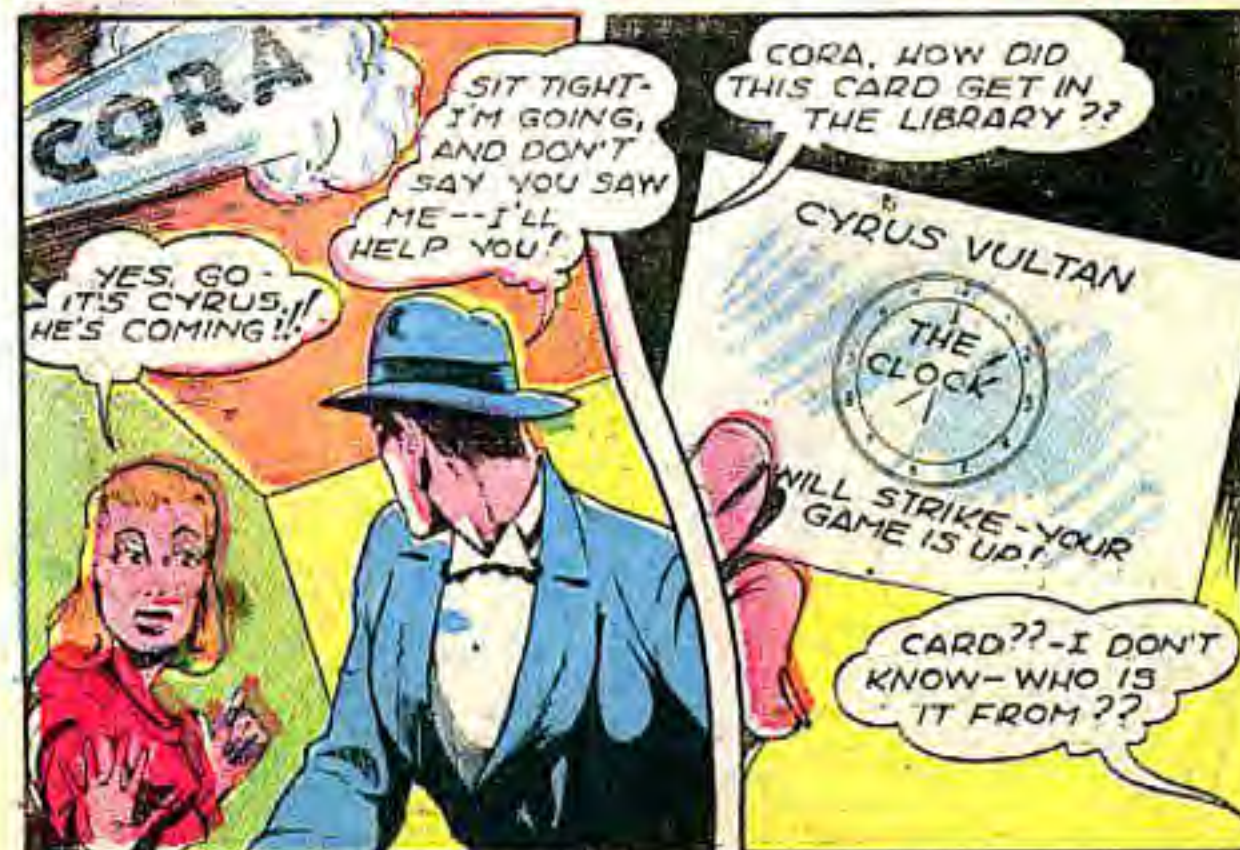
THE CLOCK!! - I'M GOING OUT AND LOOK FOR HIM AND WHEN I FIND HIM, I'LL KILL HIM!!



CORA
YES, GO - IT'S CYRUS!! HE'S COMING!!

SIT TIGHT - I'M GOING, AND DON'T SAY YOU SAW ME - I'LL HELP YOU!

CORA, HOW DID THIS CARD GET IN THE LIBRARY??



CYRUS VULTAN

THE CLOCK

WILL STRIKE - YOUR GAME IS UP!

CARD?? - I DON'T KNOW - WHO IS IT FROM??

MEANWHILE, THE CLOCK RETURNS HOME---



OUTSIDE, VULTAN APPROACHES THE CLOCK'S HOUSE---



SNAKE-LIKE, VULTAN'S HAND WHIPS OUT, SNATCHING THE FAKE RUBY-





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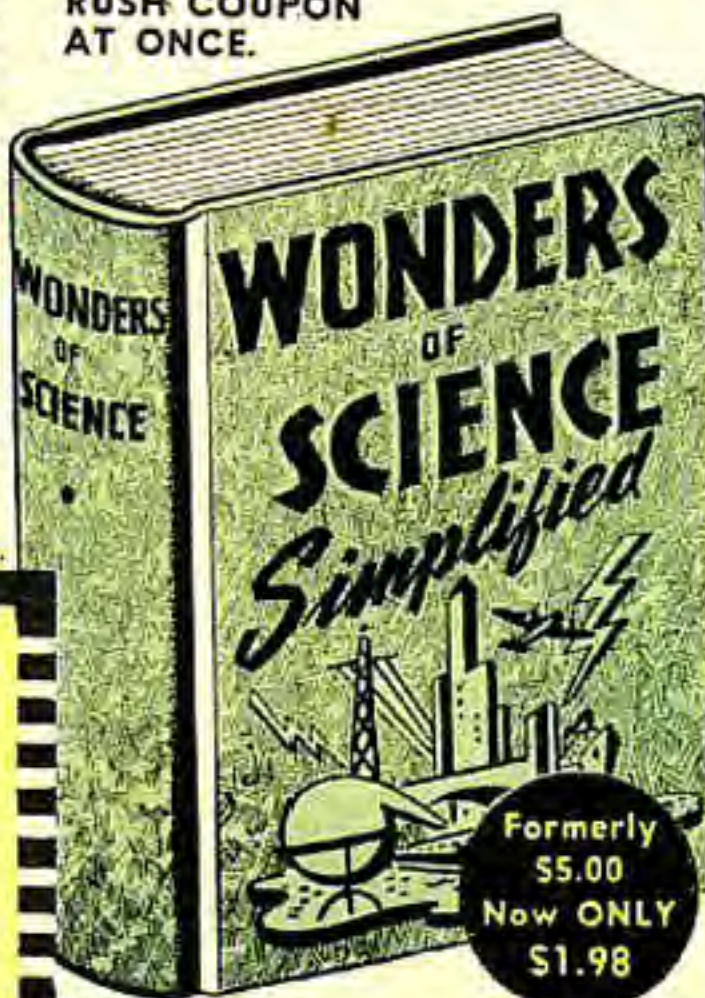
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